Barrow Permanent

Dec 8 22 1951

CHRIST

AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD

BARROW ALASKA

THE SEMINAR

Eleven members of the Seminar on National Missions in Alaska visited the Barrow Mission on July 5th and 6th. They were led by Dr. J. Earl Jackman, and included Mr. John Groler, Mrs. D. K. Allen, Miss Rose Cramer, Mrs. Bertha M. Kitchen, Rev. William W. McKinney, Miss Emma Jessie Ogg, Miss Nellie J. Overhulser, Miss Elsie R. Penfield, Miss Ethel F. Todd.

One of Barrow's few "mosquito raids" was in progress when the visitors rode in on the sled from the air field. Some of the streams that have to be transversed enroute were quite high too, so that feet and baggage had to be lifted high. All in all, everyone arrived in very good humor. They, like the Wartes family, had found that the two-hour trip afforded an excellent opportunity to view the surrounding areas.

All the meals had been planned and places for sleeping arranged by Loraine and George several weeks before. With Loraine as "Chief cook" all the meals were prepared and served at the manse. One meal was served "Barrow style" complete with reindeer steaks, muktuk(whale), pilot bread, canned and dehydrated vegetables, and icecream made with canned milk.

A tour of the mission---manse deep-freeze (20 feet deep), ice house, church, new sanctuary being constructed, mission box supplies, etc.---and points of interest in Barrow was enjoyed by all. In groups of three or four they visited native homes where they were served tea and cake and were able to visit with their Eskimo hostess.

As is quite the usual thing, the plane schedule was changed several times so that the visitors made two starts to the field before they were finally able to leave late Friday afternoon.

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

The first Daily Vacation Bible School at Barrow opened Monday, July ninth, at 1:00 P.M. for the whole first week only the eleven teachers and helpers met with Rev. Wartes and Mrs. Burdick. That week they through the entire program--discussing the lessons, learning the songs, playing the games, doing the hand work, etc.--all in English. The second week Bible School was opened for the children. The lessons were taught in the Eskimo language. The teachers were well prepared to lead the 175 eager youngsters through that wonderful week. Many walked in several miles every day. The enthusiastic teacher is sure to have enthusiastic pupils; and that was certainly our experience here.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdick had spent weeks writing the lessons, accumulating and compiling the material, before everything was finally mimeographed. Mrs. Burdick even wrote and composed a song for the children that was in the specific sphere of their experiences, thanking God for the whale, seal, and reindeer.

In many ways this was a new experience for the teachers and pupils. For the first time, classes sat around tables; even though some of the tables were boards stretched across saw-horses on the floor of the uncompleted new sanctuary. Even the hand work and note books that Sunday School and Bible School children "state-side" accept as common-place, were a new experience for the children here.

The Christian growth of teachers and students alike was very marked. I am sure our Lord rejoiced to see so many eagerly "searching the Scriptures" and writing His Word on the "tables of their hearts."

NALAKUTUK

The whaling season ended the last of June with a total catch of seven whales. So Nalakutuk, on June 19 and 21 was a joyous occassion. Skins were fastened on a wooden framework to make a windbreak. Seated in its shelter, the Eskimos watched while various events took place.

Skin-jumping began early in the afternoon. Boys and girls had great sport jumping on the circular sealskin while other children held the edges of the skin and tossed it for the jumper.

In the evening, the feasting began. The leader of each successful whaling crew donated some of the muktuk (raw frozen skin and fat of the whale.) The people consumed great quantities, for the muktuk is a favorite delicacy. (To the natives, that is. Few of the white people share the enthusiasm even for the cooked muktuk.)

As the feasting continued, the men rivalled each other jumping on the sealskin. Some continued jumping for quite a while and went high into the air. Others soon lost their balance and fell off onto the sand. The crowd is always nice about moving so that the faller has sufficient room to land on the sand. It's not always a safe landing, though. Although only one jumps at a time, it is difficult to maintain balance when one lands on the edge of the skin.

Barrow village and Browerville (across the lagoon) had separate festivals, but each group attended both. A good many white people from the Navy Base also drove in and took many pictures.

BARROW IN SUMMER

Do you wonder what summer in the Arctic is like? Perhaps a description of this year will give you an idea.

Early in June the snow melted. Because the ground beneath remained frozen, drainage was poor. Everywhere there was water and mud. Even the tundra was a mass of tiny hills, valleys and rivers. Erosion is serious in some places. (There is a four-foot gulley not far from the manse. Frequent rains also hinder the situation.)

But the tundra has a heavy covering of grass now. There are many varieties of tiny flowers in bloom. Early in June there were tiny pussy willows springing from stems flat along the ground.

Even before the snow was melted, several kinds of tiny birds came and began their nests. Later many ducks flew over, bound for the inland after following the coast north.

The ocean ice broke several days after the departure of the seminar early in July. Strong winds cleared away all the ice within two weeks. Now a wide expanse of sandy beach leads to the surf. The tide fluctuates very little, and waves are small except on very windy days. But the surf hides many wonderful things.

A walk beside the water reveals vast treasures. There are some small varieties of empty snail and clam shells. Early in July there were many wee shrimp about half an inch

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cont. from col. 2

long. One sturdy hermit crab was seen dragging his snail's house. There was kelp and seaweed in true salt water tradition.

Other things were harder to identify. The jellyfish had tail-like appendages and were brightly striped. There were strange soft seeds that looked like rocks. Several stomach-shaped creatures were oddest of all. Or perhaps they were plants.

Many pretty rocks entice the walker to pick them up. Beautiful shades of red and green catch the eye. Many of the rocks have layers of pretty shades. Agates are scarce. Instead there are many highly-polished rocks in shades of blue and gray.

Even the Arctic weather is distinct. The sun rose for the last time on May 10 and did not set again until August third. Most of the days were cool with a mixture of clouds with a little sun. On July 15 the highest temperature of 72 degrees was reached. The average for May thru July was about 32.2.

Burdicks tried to raise a small boxgarden. Early in August the peas froze. However, some tiny radishes and a little lettuce did reach edible size.

Summer is nearly done. Early in September freezing weather begins. On August 27 there was a flurry of snow. But the coming of fall also brings one important thing--- the North Star is due in with the year's supplies within a week.

Dear Friends:

It was with great excitement and many farewells that we sailed from Seattle on the SS Aleutian on June 22nd. That six day cruise was a wonderful vacation for us. At Seward we took the train for Anchorage where we stayed one night before our train left for Fairbanks. The weekend in Fairbanks was interesting and pleasant. We attended the First Presbyterian Church, and Bill spoke at the evening service. We met Carolyn and Charles Ritchie and enjoyed several fine visits with them. They had the College church and were taking the Koshmanns' place in Fairbanks for the summer.

On Monday, July 2nd, we flew to Barrow. Our first view of the great Arctic tundra after crossing the Brooks Range of mountains was not what most of us picture it. This was summer tundra--it made us think of brown finger paints spread over a seemingly interminable sheet of the earth, on which a child had finger marked and dabbed vigorously, letting the blues and grays underneath show through. The Arctic tundra is a wet, wet place in the summer--a regular network of rivers and lakes! On closer inspection we have found that it is liberally decorated with lovely green grass and a myriad variety of flowers.

The children were thoroughly thrilled with flying (and with the little packages of gum the stewardess passed out). This was the first flight for Mark and Ascenath; and Meredith doesn't remember the only other one she had seven years ago.

The air field where we landed is about 4 or 5 miles from the village of Barrow. George Burdick was there to meet us with the tractor and sled. The baggage, packages, and mail were piled on the sled, and we piled on top. The trip was, of necessity, very slow so we had plenty of time to take in our first close-up of the Arctic. Mark was quite impressed by the "mountains of ice out there"; which we told him was the Arctic Ocean. Less than two weeks after our arrival, that ice melted, broke up, and blew away. Even now, past the middle of August, there is no sign of it anywhere; although we are told that it is about 45 or 50 miles north of here.

It was around six pm. when we arrived at the manse, and it felt good to be home. Loraine and Frances were waiting to greet us. We immediately felt that the Burdick family had been our close friends for years.

Although the Eskimos are shy and say very little at first, their lovely smiles and ready nods always make us feel very welcome. They are a charming people who have already won our hearts.

The first week we were here 11 of the Seminar on National Missions in Alaska visited the mission for two days. The second and third weeks we held Daily Vacation Bible School. The first few weeks we were here the men of the church who could spare the time were working two or three nights a week on the new sanctuary; but the work went very slowly because hunting season was in full swing. These last three weeks, several men have been working six afternoons a week. For ten days this month Bill had had the help of Rev. Roy Ahmaogak from Wainwright in an all-village church census, determining the relationship of every person to the church. With all these special activities, in addition to the regular services and meetings, you can see that our summer months are busy ones.

Nearly every day brings new sights and experiences. For the first month we were here the sun never set. It never ceased to amaze us that often our brightest sunshine was from 10:30 pm to 1 or 2 am. Then around the first week in Aug. came the unforgettable experience of seeing a sunset blend right into a sunrise. We were held spellbound by the glorious colors over an hour. Other new experiences include eating caribou meat--which is superb--catching fish in our hands in the Arctic surf, watching from our front porch as whales cavorted in the ocean about a half of a mile away. One Eskimo said they were in about two fathoms of water.

WARTES' LETTER
cont. from page 3

One of the lovliest experiences we have had is sitting in the prayer meetings which are conducted by one of the Elders in the Eskimo language; and yet having the definite feeling of worshipping with the people. One cannot sit "detached", even though the language is strange, when a Christian is earnestly explaining the Word of God, when at least 150 people are singing the praises of God, and when 'co-heirs with Christ' are standing to testify of His wonders and to pray and praise with great reverence.

It is such a joy to hear a congregation of Eskimos sing. They seem to know most of the hymns in the book in English. Many of them can sing all the verses from memory. They sing slowly but beautifully. Outside of choirs, we have never heard a congregation sing all four parts of the melody and harmony so nicelay as they do here regularly.

We have already had the joy of receiving letters and mission boxes from many of you who are interested in the mission. We covet your prayers that the Word of God will go forth in power among these people, and great things will be accomplished for the glory of and in the name of our precious Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Sincerely, in His service,
Bonnie and Bill Wartes,
Meredith, Mark, and Ascenath

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BURDICK'S LETTERS

Dear Friends:

We have had great pleasure welcoming the Wartes family to Barrow. Frances enjoys playing with the children, and we anticipate a greater mission program through the doubled staff. Now our job will be divided so that complete maintenance falls upon George. Bill will lead in the many tasks suited to his capacity of ordained minister.

cont. in column 2

BURDICK'S LETTER
cont. from column 1.

Maintenance includes many things. At least once a week, a trip by tractor with sled must be made to a near-by lake to secure wash water. Because of the frequent rains, roads are poor. The rains have also created another maintenance problem. Water seepage into the deep-freeze storage area under the manse back porch has necessitated dipping out water and ice. The seepage created large ice stalactites that sometimes closed off the stairway descent. Fortunately, the meat remained frozen most of the time and spoilage was limited to a little mold.

George has also been insulating our houseand the adjoining warehouse. Windows in both houses yet remain to be sealed against the cold weather, and some painting also is yet to be done.

We will all join together in carrying out the further work of the mission. Our united prayer is that God may be glorified as we are all used. (This includes Dr. Jackman and all of the staff in New York and Art Kirk in Seattle, Rev. Armstrong in Juneau--they are all a part with us in the work of Barrow.)

Sincerely,
George, Loraine and Frances Burdick

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BUILDING PROGRESS

Work on the new sanctuary has been resumed with tremendous enthusiasm. During the hunting seasons for whale and caribou, there was little progress. However, for the last two weeks crews have been at work daily. At one o'clock the church bell has summoned volunteers who work until five.

On July 3 the first roof truss was raised into position. Within the last two days the final truss has been raised. Now rafters are being hoisted and fastened. It is the eager hope of all that the roof will be on by winter. At least the plywood can be put on, although composition shingles cannot be nailed in freezing weather.

ALASKA
PERM. FILE

Please return to
Rm 711
156-5 Ave

Permanent Barrow

John 21:15-18

John 12:46

3/20/52

At the top

of the World

Missionarily Speaking:

We often fail to see how fast the times are changing, and that life is not stagnant. The Eskimos' life in Barrow has so radically changed in less than ten years that old-timers are deeply concerned for the future. They feel the invasion of radio as the local military station caters to the service men's tastes of shady programs, dance music, and mystery plays, and the more powerful medium of the movie--there are two theatres here. In addition to these factors consider this: for seven years many Eskimos working at the Navy Base have been in daily contact with a "dollar crazy, alcoholic drinking, gambling American." In these years they have learned that these American citizens do not have much in common with the Christian life--indeed, there is a great gulf between them and the missionaries who have been coming since 1891. The young people, as always, are confused, and many are being torn asunder spiritually, emotionally, and physically. They are in between the old and the new, and the pressure is terrific. For the middle-aged and older Eskimo, Christ, and all His Church stands for, is more real than ever, but they are anxious for their children. Gambling, thievery, burglary, drinking, and smoking are a common aftermath to the American movie, and this brings a completely new heartache to the Eskimo parent.

A missionary is often reminded to not only seek the prayers of those behind him at home, but that in our day the home pastor and people also need his prayers; for the mission of Christ to the American at home is hanging in the balance. The problem on the mission field is greater in proportion to the wrong kind of propaganda from home. We all must be more consecrated, not to our ideals and work, but to Christ and His calling; then, and then alone, will His work be done.

Reverend Wartes

Dear Friends,

Glory B.! This is an expression we often use, and now its meaning is twofold. Our own Gloria arrived last December 4 at the hospital here. The nurses' aides seemed to find brown hair and blue eyes quite a change from the Eskimo black. As for size, she is as fat as any of them.

But also Glory Be! God has been so faithful each day. Christmas was wonderful; but few days haven't been (perhaps here we could place the bouts with colds and boils. We can't decide which is worse, a cold or a penicillin shot. Barrow surely has had a "pokey" winter).

We have greatly appreciated the many messages from friends of ours or friends of the Mission who promptly became our friends. In January we helped the people assemble our Mission Box to you all. It is a display that can be secured for group use through the Board of National Missions. It contains dolls, various fur samples, parka and mukluks to wear, and even an Eskimo gospel of Maagum (Mark). We'd also like to call your attention to the March, 1952 "Missionary Mail" which features Barrow.

Just a little family news to close: Frances is learning about table blessings, and can bow her head, fold her hands, and say, "Father"--not all necessarily simultaneously. Her five joys are Mark, "Murly," "Teeny," kitty, and dolly. Gloria wants to spend every waking moment looking around her, preferably with someone to talk to. George divides his time between the young people, fixing our kitchen, work on the church and manse, and playing with his two girls. Loraine manages to find odd jobs to fill her spare time, such as attending communicants' class or visiting the sick at the hospital.

Yes, we are as busy as bees, which is proper since we are

The Four B's.

Dear Friends,

The months have slipped by unbelievably fast since we last "published" our Newsletter. At that time we had been in Barrow only a month; now it has been over eight months. Each month has increased our joy in being here.

We really should start where we left off, and tell of various events chronologically; but our biggest and best news is the most recent event, and we'll just have to tell you about her first!!! Martha LeNore arrived January 23, 1952. She "weighed in" at 5 lbs. 12¼ oz., but has already gained four pounds and grown more than an inch. She has dark brown hair, dark eyes, and a cute little dimple in her chin. As you can imagine, their wee new sister is precious to the children. Mark thinks she is even better than a brother, Ascenath goes into ecstacies of joy over a real baby sister of her own, and Meredith's only disappointment is that Martha doesn't cry more often so that there would be some excuse to pick her up.

Not long after our last letter winter set in with snow, wind, and slowly dropping temperatures. Possibly we haven't been in Barrow long enough to be really good judges, but so far we feel that the weather here has been quite exaggerated. We actually feel sorry for you people in the States who have suffered through the severe winter there--especially you Californians! You might think that the flat terrain covered with snow would become a tiresome view; but you would be mistaken. It is fascinating to see the shifting drifts as the wind varies; and the wind and tide join forces to change the pattern of the ocean ice. We are truly enjoying our first Arctic winter.

The years in Seminary were very busy ones, with every minute filled to overflowing; but I think we are now busier than ever. There are never enough hours to do all that we see to be done. Still we rejoice and praise the Lord as we see some of the goals being reached and His work being accomplished. It is done only because our Lord encourages us and gives us the necessary wisdom and strength.

Christmas was lovely here. We had two beautiful trees sent to us by a friend in Fairbanks; one each for the church and the house. Their fragrance and fresh verdure was a pleasant reminder of home and the wonderful Christmases of the past. Your generosity and greetings made us realize that we were remembered too.

We'd like to take this opportunity to tell you how much we appreciate your many letters, cards, and other evidence of your love and interest. With the pressure of activities here so great, we do not write to you as often as we would like to; but we know that you would want us to tend to the Lord's business first; that is the reason we are here. We want you to feel that this is your personal letter. As we write your address on the outside we pray for you and thank God we have friends like you.

Bill and Bonnie
Merrily, Mark, Ascenath, Martha
Wartes

All of you who had a part in getting our Hammond Organ will be happy to know that we have fine organists who are at various stages of proficiency. The organ works wonderfully if we don't try to play it too soon after the church stoves are going. The motor just will not run unless the room is well heated for about five hours. Last week we installed an organ heater in the cabinet. Time will tell how this will work in decreasing warm-up time. Sometimes the electricity is not up to par, and when the voltage drops the pitch drops too; or worse yet, the power cuts out entirely and we sing unaccompanied as we have no piano for such emergencies. Except for these difficulties, the organ adds greatly to the worship services.

We have become quite accustomed to The Aurora Borealis now; but it is still a fascinating sight. Merrily was startled late one night by a brilliant light shining in her window. This particular night the activity was very rapid, and the colors were from a brilliant yellow-green to a cerise. There were great fingers of light racing each other from the N.W. to the S.E. with an action that lacked any rhythm or predictable speed. Often the northern lights are just a white, wavering pathway, but usually the pattern runs from the N.W. to the S.E. I wish you could stand here with us and see them too.

We have been very pleased and encouraged by the progress made in organizing a Board of Trustees, a new Finance Committee, and in adding to the Session. Ever since the election of seven more Elders last fall, the pastor has held training classes for them every Friday night. On Sunday evening, February 3, they were ordained. They, with all the old Elders, were installed as the new Session. This was a wonderful service with special music by the Adult Choir, and a real spirit of consecration running through the whole program. The congregational singing was marvelous, and the Elders truly seemed to catch a real glimpse of the Lord's high calling for them.

The Board of Trustees has organized a new Building Committee to carry out the completion of the Sanctuary, and a new Finance Committee that is functioning amazingly well. It is good to see how much these people can do on their own when given a little guidance and encouragement. They are beginning to see, more and more, that to follow Christ has many practical, every day aspects, and that Christian stewardship includes a great many different things.

This week a Congregational meeting has been called to reorganize the Board of Deacons as some of these officers have died, retired, or were recently ordained to the Eldership. With this done the Church organization will be strong, and we should be headed for a greater impact for Christ in Barrow.

We are working out a system whereby each Elder and Deacon is responsible for a given area of the village. They will make periodic calls and reports on all members of their cell. There are many people in the village who have not confessed their faith in Christ and united with the Church. At present the only reasonable way to reach them is by personal work and home visitation, even though many of them do attend church. The fact that out of 515 attending our last Communion service there were only 158 who were able to come to the Lord's table is a little insight into the problem. Many of the interior people are now in Barrow, and they, plus the large number of young people, constitute a great challenge to the Mission and Church.

The northern lights are bright again. Each fall and late winter the displays are especially good and beautiful to see. They pulsate across the sky in swathes of pale green sometimes edged in rose.

But this is only one of current joys. The sun first rose on January 24 and soon the daylight hours will be balanced with darkness. The time for the wearing of dark glasses approaches rapidly as the sun gets higher above the horizon.

This winter has brought much snow in large drifts. Somewhere beneath the hilly drifts is the flat tundra; no doubt we will sink through to it in warmer weather. Burdicks were snowed in twice and Martes had two outside windows sucked out during a holiday blizzard.

The first snow fell on September 17, but the cold weather didn't really start until several weeks later. By October 11 slush had formed a pebbly-satin on the ocean. The waves rolled in underneath like rippling muscles. The purpose of this is not picturesque speech, but 'twas a strange sight indeed!

Now the ocean ice opens and closes with regular changes in wind. Much open water has provided excellent hunting. Just last week the church janitor got eleven seals in one day. Hunters speak of crossing over, going on the other side of the crack or ocean. They refer to crossing to the far ice that is often loose from the ice extending for several (3-5) miles out from the shore. This is dangerous and just recently three teams of dogs have been lost. Cracks suddenly develop and the hunters must take to their one-man boats to save even themselves.

Plane service has been fairly regular this year, for there has been only one very cold spell about the time of the sun's return. The coldest temperature was about 42 below, here in the village.

Perhaps this sounds unpleasant. It really is quite bearable. The Arctic is truly wonderful. It's personality is of course distinct, but it is our friend and the friend of our people. It has fed them well this year. We hope it will be kind to our box garden

cont. on page 4, column 1

BUILDING PROGRESS

The work on the new church continued right through the winter, even on nights when it was 30 below. By the middle of November the roof sheathing was all on and the south gable end closed up. Then came the task of moving materials inside so they would be available when needed. The insulation and plywood were put on the inside walls next. At present the windows are being put in, and work is going forward on the ceiling. Now that we have warmer weather and good daylight in the afternoons, the work schedule will be speeded up. The newly-organized Building Committee has taken over to plan the progression of work and to supervise the actual labor.

YOUNG PEOPLE

About a year ago we began holding a few meetings to try to organize the young people into an active, constructive group. The progress has been slow, but bhere have been good results, Now all I do is sit back and participate as a fellow-member, acting as advisor only when new developments come up.

There has been a great change in the activities of the group. Previously their total activities were: one young people's Sunday evening service a year; perhaps a party or two; and their rather disorganized Sunday afternoon meetings. This past year the activities included: 3 Sunday evening services; services held at the homes of shut-ins each month; 5 parties; and working on the new church Monday evenings as young people's night. The attendance on Monday nights has averaged around 25 persons. The highest record was 52. They have taken a keen interest in the building and kept the work going through the coldest part of the winter. Because they missed the work night last week, they are working two nights this week.

I have noticed a greater interest on the part of the leaders. With the activity program well-established, there is a deeper concern for the spiritual growth of the group.

George Burdick

cont. from page 3 col. 2

this spring. God is very near, and the Arctic vastness and beauty only increase our dependence upon Him. He has made it all, and He has put us all here. We only pray that it may be to His Glory.

FRIDAY CHILDREN'S BIBLE CLASS

On February first, the children's Bible class began with 25 pupils. Four o'clock found them waiting eagerly behind the manse as the teachers came from the three o'clock preparatory class. With use of individual workbooks, careful study has begun with the stories of Genesis. Each week a Bible verse is taught and the pupils are also learning how to pray. When someone is absent, he makes up his lesson the following week after class. One boy has been in the hospital several weeks, so has made up one lesson there.

Because the meeting room on the back porch of the manse is small, enrollment in the class was limited to 25. Now so many more want to enroll that a second class is being considered.

HOSPITAL VISITATION

Each week hospital patients are visited at least once. Baby gifts from you friends of the mission are delivered to new mothers (and there are many.) Although the supply of reading materials is high, it consists chiefly of comic books. Sunday School papers, children's magazines, and Christian adult magazines are delivered by the mission. The visualized Bible stories series of the Standard Publishing Company has proved very popular, as have our own Faith and Life Curriculum reading books. Crayons, coloring material, scissors, paper dolls and puzzles have also been supplied. A limited amount of figurine and placque painting has been begun with two of the patients. It is hoped that other craft projects can soon be begun. Already one church is preparing felt projects to be assembled by the bedridden in the hospital and at home. One young man who is permanently hospitalized is keeping up his Sunday School lessons via a student's quarterly. We hope he will "attend" regularly in order to receive an award as the others do who come to the Church for Sunday School.

There are several foods that we miss up here; mostly they are fresh fruits and vegetables and certain meats. However, the Martes family discovered a pleasant surprise recently. This last week an Eskimo lady brought us some seal liver. We were absolutely amazed to find it like calf's liver in flavor & texture.

ALASKA
PERM. FILE

Return to #711
156-5 Box
711 0, 77
OCT 20 1952

At the Top of the World

A New Field

At the north edge of the Brooks Range lies Anaktuvak Pass. Through here the planes fly in suitable weather, and the moose and caribou migrate. At the very peak of this pass is a beautiful lake from which rivers run both ways down the mountain. On the shore of the lake is the winter campsite of a small tribe of Eskimos. When they are all together, their population is about 60--60 precious souls to whom no missionary has ever gone. These nomadic people follow the game in season and fish in mountain lakes and streams.

When I flew back to Barrow from Fairbanks in July, I landed on their little lake and had the joy of being the first missionary to reach them. Only 40 were at the lake at this time. They seemed overjoyed at my coming, and we immediately held a service with everyone in attendance. Afterward they voted unanimously (according to the decision of the family heads, they were to vote by coming to shake my hand if they decided "yes") to ask me to return. As this Newsletter is written I am preparing to return to them. I will take Bibles, hymn books, pictures, etc. to them (the very few who can read will read to the others) but of greatest importance will be the Good News I take to them. Pray for these people and for me as I try to win them to Christ.

--Bill Wartes

FLASH! Just as this was "going to press" I returned from the trip to Anaktuvak, Stevens Village, Fairbanks, and Bettles. I held three wonderful services with the Anaktuvak people. We feasted together on God's Word. God miraculously kept the Anaktuvak Lake open while all the lakes for many, many miles around were frozen. It was thrilling to see their joy as I taught them hymns. Amazingly enough, they learned the English words and the melody after hearing them sung only once or twice.

Vacation Bible School

Wainwright's first Daily Vacation Bible School and Barrow's second was held last month, and a wonderful time was had by everyone. Rev. Wartes flew to Wainwright before the teachers' session began in Barrow. He brought back three of their teachers who attended the six-day training course with the Barrow teachers and taught or assisted during the students' week, August 11-15. Following this they flew back again where he conducted Bible School the next week. There were 224 enrolled at Barrow with an average attendance of 217 a day. There was an average attendance of 50 at Wainwright.

Our theme was "Worship of the Living God." Besides studying the many aspects of worshipping God, the children learned to sit quietly and reverently during a worship service. The classes gathered outside the church and marched in quietly with their teachers after the organ was playing. Even the roll was taken outside so that nothing interrupted the worship program. The classes took turns leading in this opening worship.

The Sunday evening service, August 17, was conducted by the DVBS staff and students. Verses were recited, a flannelgraph presented, handwork displayed, songs sung, and a puppet show on "Daniel in the Lions' Den" was shown. 190 Certificates were given for perfect attendance and honor work, as well as 38 special awards.

There were 40 pounds of powdered milk used for cold milk or hot cocoa during Bible School. The pencils, scissors, crayons, etc. were also gifts from you. In fact, much of the success of our Bible School was due to the prayers and gifts of you at home. None of us can know in this life the true extent and results of our ministry of praying, giving, teaching, and the many other aspects of the Lord's work. We but sow and water; God giveth the increase. Praise the Lord!

Dear Friends,

Newsletter time always means that the planks from Wartes' house to ours are heavily travelled. But after much dashing back and forth, items have been divided and articles double-checked.

Winter is closing upon us differently this year. Although flurries of snow began late in August, they have been light and soon melted. Last week the lagoon finally froze--circular around the edges and seemingly sloped down to an open center hole. Now it is solid, and children skate to school. The ocean is settled with many small pieces of ice today, so it may be covered soon--or they may blow away.

Gloria is learning to make many sounds through her six teeth. Her weight makes her hesitate to stand. She's very happy, especially when the kitty comes to visit.

Frances wants to help with everything and sometimes wipes dishes or sets the table. She is now learning to sing a tune.

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...Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska...

Miss Frieda Koerner
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Bill Barrow

At the top of the World

A New Field

At the north edge of the Brooks Range lies Anaktuvak Pass. Through here the planes fly in suitable weather, and the moose and caribou migrate. [illegible] of this pass is a beautiful lake from which [illegible] both ways down the mountain. On the shore of the lake is the winter campsite of a small tribe of Eskimos. When they are all together, their population is about 60--60 precious souls to whom no missionary has ever gone. These nomadic people follow the game in season and fish in mountain lakes and streams.

When I flew back to Barrow from Fairbanks in July, I landed on their little lake and had the joy of being the first missionary to reach them. Only 40 were at the lake at this time. They seemed overjoyed at my coming, and we immediately held a service with everyone in attendance. Afterward they voted unanimously (according to the decision of the family heads, they were to vote by coming to shake my hand if they decided "yes") to ask me to return. As this Newsletter is written I am preparing to return to them. I will take Bibles, hymn books, pictures, etc. to them (the very few who can read will read to the others) but of greatest importance will be the Good News I take to them. Pray for these people and for me as I try to win them to Christ.

--Bill Wartes

FLASH! Just as this was "going to press" I returned from the trip to Anaktuvak, Stevens Village, Fairbanks, and Bettles. I held three wonderful services with the Anaktuvak people. We feasted together on God's Word. God miraculously kept the Anaktuvak Lake open while all the lakes for many, many miles around were frozen. It was thrilling to see their joy as I taught them hymns. Amazingly enough, they learned the English words and the melody after hearing them sung only once or twice.

Vacation Bible School

Wainwright's first Daily Vacation Bible School and Barrow's second was held last month, and a wonderful time was had by everyone. Rev. Wartes flew to Wainwright before the teachers' session began in Barrow. He brought back three of their teachers who attended the six-day training course with the Barrow teachers and taught or assisted during the students' week, August 11-15. Following this they flew back again where he conducted Bible School the next week. There were 224 enrolled at Barrow with an average attendance of 217 a day. There was an average attendance of 50 at Wainwright.

Our theme was "Worship of the Living God." Besides studying the many aspects of worshipping God, the children learned to sit quietly and reverently during a worship service. The classes gathered outside the church and marched in quietly with their teachers after the organ was playing. Even the roll was taken outside so that nothing interrupted the worship program. The classes took turns leading in this opening worship.

The Sunday evening service, August 17, was conducted by the DVBS staff and students. Verses were recited, a flannelgraph presented, handwork displayed, songs sung, and a puppet show on "Daniel in the Lions' Den" was shown. 190 Certificates were given for perfect attendance and honor work, as well as 38 special awards.

There were 40 pounds of powdered milk used for cold milk or hot cocoa during Bible School. The pencils, scissors, crayons, etc. were also gifts from you. In fact, much of the success of our Bible School was due to the prayers and gifts of you at home. None of us can know in this life the true extent and results of our ministry of praying, giving, teaching, and the many other aspects of the Lord's work. We but sow and water; God giveth the increase. Praise the Lord!

Dear Friends,

Newsletter time always means that the planks from Wartes' house to ours are heavily travelled. But after much dashing back and forth, items have been divided and articles double-checked.

Winter is closing upon us differently this year. Although flurries of snow began late in August, they have been light and soon melted. Last week the lagoon finally froze--circular around the edges and seemingly sloped down to an open center hole. Now it is solid, and children skate to school. The ocean is settled with many small pieces of ice today, so it may be covered soon--or they may blow away.

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JUNIOR BARROW BULLETIN

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION SEPTEMBER, 1952 BARROW, ALASKA

NEWS**********

In September, Boy Scouts cleaned out the old church coal house. On Friday September 26, they held their first party at the church, planned and carried out by the Scouts themselves. Thirteen of the troop are proudly wearing neckerchieves. Patrol leaders meet each Tuesday after school to plan the Thursday night troop meeting, reports Scoutmaster Burdick.

Friday has become Tuesday for the weekday Bible class. Because Friday afternoon is show day at school and pupils get out late, Tuesday has become the new meeting day. Four to five is song and story time; seven to eight is project time for the current fifteen excited members. First fall project has been the sanding and finishing of classroom tables. Next job is the sanding and varnishing of the floor. The room will then be usable for games and other projects. The boys and girls are very interested in gymnastics, so we hope to locate some winter reindeer skins to serve as a tumbling mat.

A local chapter of the David C. Cook IAH club is studying their letters in preparation for the airring ceremony. At present, there are twenty-one members and three leaders. Future plans call for enlisting friends and some who are patients at hospitals outside Barrow.

Another item is exciting interest in the village. Barrow is entering the CHRISTIAN LIFE Sunday School contest this year. On September 20, Rev. Wartes dropped circulars (round plates) from the Arctic Messenger to announce the opening date of the contest which is October 5. (He was on his way to Fairbanks, so it didn't cost anything.) Current plans include an all-Sunday School Halloween party and a dog team parade. Ihoka people to color on page two have been copied from posters for the contest made by second graders in school. Church organist and elder, Fred Ipalook, is the teacher.

September 28 is Rally Day in Barrow Sunday School. Boy Scouts will be distributing special tags to all. A moving-up ceremony will promote seventy-five pupils.

KAANIK

She was such a wee white fluff of a kitten. All these first few weeks of her life she had lived with her brothers and sisters and their mother in Fairbanks, Alaska. Now here she was, flying in a noisy little plane with a complete stranger. Everything had happened so fast, it was like a bad dream.

At the first stop, she looked frantically for her mother. She was very hungry. Now someone was trying to get her to drink milk from a saucer. This seemed a terribly foolish way to eat, but oh, she was so very hungry!

Then there was that roaring and soaring again. This certainly didnt seem to be the way a kitten should live.

After many hours, it was quiet again. Gentle hands lifted her from the plane and tucked her under a coat.

Nearly as frightening as the airplane were the squeals of delight that greeted her when she was put down in the Wartes' house. The house--but this wasn't her house. Where were all the familiar sights, sounds, and smells? Where were her brothers, and sisters and mother?

It took several days of careful, tender care before the little kitty began to feel at home. She cautiously became acquainted with the big, black cat that already lived there. "She is as white and soft as a snowflake," everyone said. That is how she came to be named Snowflake. Only in Eskimo, the name is Kaanik. Kaanik is one of a very small population of cats in Barrow, Alaska. She is a very good mouser, or perhaps I should say lemminger, for she catches more lemmings than mice.

Bonnie Wartes

SONG OF SEPTEMBER

A toothpick stands on the horizon
Black; then it longer grows;
Why, a ship has crept under the
rigging,
And the North Star plainly shows.

Launches swim out from the shoreline
Cranes travel down to the beach;
Quickest recruiting has gathered
Every man, tractor, wagon in reach.

Two launches with barge in between
them
Laden with freight from the ship.
Cranes lift freight into wagons
With an occassional slip.

Tractors and wagons at midnight,
"George and Bill, these are for you."
Food cases and pews at all hours,
Two men kept in a stew.

The North Star has gone out from
Barrow,
Beach sand is now smooth again.
Have a feast, unpack, check your
order,
Work hard on the church, and then--

Winter's here, supplies here, don
your parka!
Fly the plane to Fairbanks for skis.
Snowfalls and icy cold weather;
September at Barrow is these.

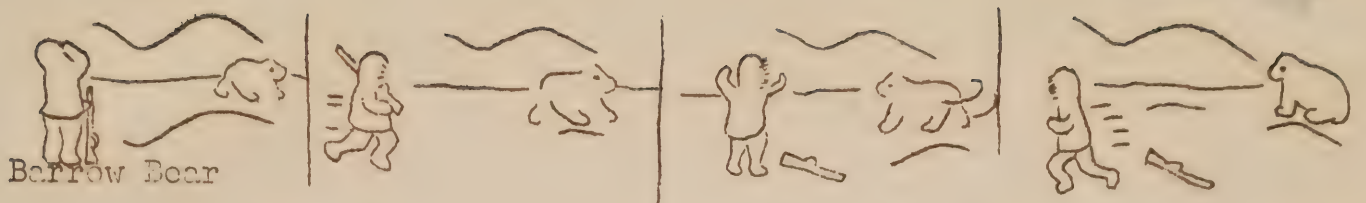
AN ESKIMO LESSON NUMBER THREE

This time, we will learn some nouns to go with the verbs we have learned.

Word--Ukaluk	Fish--Ikaluk
House--Igloo	Parka--Atigi
Boat--Umiak	Ball--Aiyuktak
Brother--Anikatauzuk	To me--Uvumnun
Sister--Ahtauzuk	Please come-Kain
Please give it--Kaitciun	

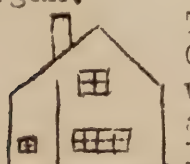
See how many sentences you can write. Remember, the dotted K is said far back in the throat. The Z is like an English R, and C is CH. Give the ball to me--Kaitciun aiyuktak uvumnun. I love the sister--Nakuagigiga ahtauzuk. He sees the boat--Tautukkaa umiak. You hold the fish--Pigigin ikaluk. We know the word 'house'--Ilisimagikput ukaluk igloo. Come to the house--Kain igloomun.

THESE ESKIMO PEOPLE HAVE BEEN MADE BY BARROW SECOND GRADERS. DON'T YOU THINK THEY HAVE A DISTINCTIVE APPEAL? WOULD YOU LIKE TO COLOR THEM?



MEET THE MISSION

This is the manse. It perches high on the hill in front of the church. The trim is white, but the rest is green. The Wartes family live here. It is also used for the Wednesday Communicants' Class and the Young Men's Class. The Inner [illegible] through three doors) [illegible] all store for supplies [illegible]s nature for sale. [illegible]his is the church. The [illegible]ew addition, the sanctu[illegible]ary, is in front. Behind is the present meeting room where villagers all gather for church, choir, prayer meeting, Sunday School, young people's society, Boy Scouts and even funerals. The meeting room has a balcony across the back which is usually filled with younger people. There are two stoves and ventillation is secured through opening small sliding dors high on the walls. On the raised platform, two chairs face each other. At present there are an alter and two chairs that match the blond choir pews. Someday (soon, we plan) these will move to the new sanctuary. Music is provided by a Hammond electric organ.



This is "The Igloo." Otherwise known as the warehouse, it contains an apartment where Burdicks live, food storage room like a grocery store, and large upstairs. Shelves around the upstairs serve for storage, but the center is a meeting area for Tuesday Bible class, Saturday SS. teachers' mtg.; and a boys' Sunday School class.

This is the ice house. It is built of blocks of sod against a wood frame. It is used for storage of ice to melt for drinking water. Even in Barrow summer (which really isn't so warm) most of the ice inside stays frozen. This house is a favorite model for photographing visitors. Some even knock on the door, expecting some Eskimo to admit them to what they think is a genuine Eskimo "igloo."

TOENAILS, THE TRAVELLING TURTLE

Ptuiy! I'm so dry, I can't move. I've been banged and bumped around until I'm sore clear through. I can't even open my eyes. Oooch, will this nightmare ever end? Oh, oh. I hear voices.

"Daddy, Daddy. It's my turtle! Grandma sent me a turtle! Daddy, do you think he is all right?"

"Merrily, you must not be disappointed, but I'm afraid he will be dead. He has had a long, cold trip, you know. It took him four days to come from Seattle."

All the while, Daddy was gently opening the small box and probing into the moss.

Water! Water!

"Quick, Daddy, he needs water. See, his eyes are stuck shut, but he is moving his feet."

Of course, I'm moving my feet. I want to see if they still work. Honest, if you don't get me some water soon, I'll dry up and blow away.

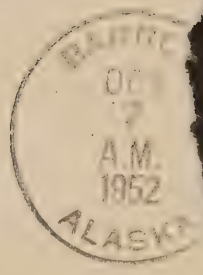
"Here are the rocks I've been saving. I'll put them into a pan with some water. Isn't he cute?"

Cute, my eye! Quit chitter-chattering and do something..Glug, glug, glurp...ahh, mm, WATER!! What a wonderful feeling--swimming again. However, I mustn't be careless. I should look my surroundings over.

"Look, Mother. He is trying to climb out of his pan. Listen to his toenails scratching. I guess I'll name him Toenails, the Travelling Turtle."

Bonnie Wartes

--- Presbyterian Mission ---
Barrow, Alaska---



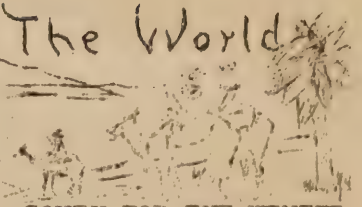
Dr. J. Earl Jackman
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Matthew 2 10

Vol. 2. no. 4

12-18-53

At The Top For Christ Of The World



OUR CHRISTMAS LETTER

One often hears people speak nostalgically of the Christmases of their childhood, and surely they do hold precious memories for most of us; but we are now realizing that the joyous wonders of this season truly "grow sweeter as the years go by." As our comprehension of God's love grows, as our circle of friends grows, as our family grows, as our field of service grows, so grows our happiness, so grows our experience of abundant living, and so grows our peace and good will--the gifts of God's love. Each Christmas we are increasingly amazed at the unfathomable love God has for us that He would send His Son--the Way, the Truth, and the Life--to be born, to live, and to die for us. We become increasingly aware of how the shepherds must have felt when they saw the light and heard the angel voices; and we too, in heart and spirit, worship in wonder and adoration at the miracle of His birth.

Our prayer for you is that you too will find greater happiness this Christmas and through the coming year because you are giving your best to Him who gave His all for us. This is real Christmas "giving"!

"Give of your best to the Master;
Give Him first place in your heart;
Give Him first place in your service,
Consecrate every part.
Give, and to you shall be given;
God His beloved Son gave;
Gratefully seeking to serve Him,
Give Him the best that you have.
Give of your best to the Master;
Naught else is worthy His love;
He gave Himself for your ransom,
Gave up His glory above:
Laid down His life without murmur,
You from sin's ruin to save;
Give Him your heart's adoration,
Give Him the best that you have."

In Christian love, The Wartes Family

SOUTH FOR THE WINTER

On December first we Burdicks leave Barrow after three years of service. It is the regular furlough, and we shall have four months for vacationing, visiting, speaking, and catching up. If there is any sun, we shall bask in it. However, we are going to Seattle, so perhaps we shall have to content ourselves with gorging on bananas, lettuce, tomatoes, etc. The girls know nothing of the world 'Outside', and though we have explained many things many times, still they will be SURPRISED!!

We leave behind many good friends besides the Wartes's. We rejoice that two local men, Samuel Simmonds and Eddie Hopson, will be able to take over the portion for God here that has been George's. We ask you to continue your interest in, prayers for, and support of Barrow Mission and Church.

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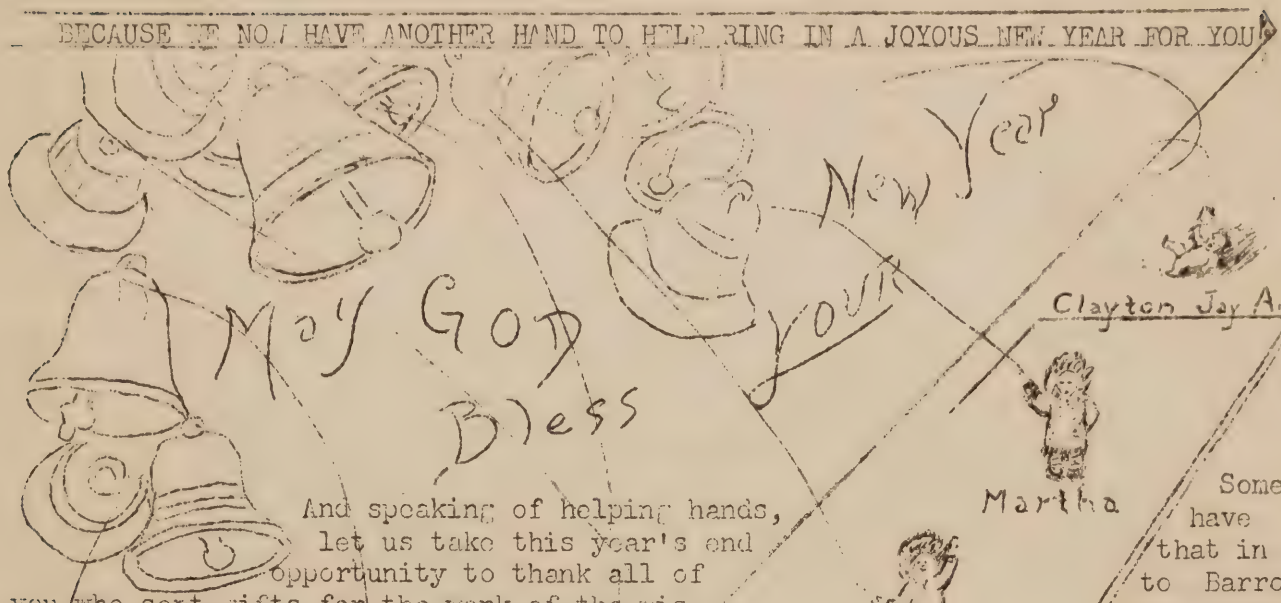
Those who wish to address us or to follow our service, may do so at Route 2, Box 2218, Auburn, Washington. We will be available until March 1954 for speaking engagements and mission publicity using photographs in black and white, colored slides, a few recordings, and various samples of Eskimo garments and work.

EXTRA!! EXTRA!! SEE SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE TWO EXTRA!! EXTRA!!

As we ring out the Old Year and ring in the New Year,
there are really Joy Bells ringing in our hearts

BECAUSE WE NOW HAVE ANOTHER HAND TO HELP RING IN A JOYOUS NEW YEAR FOR YOU



Clayton Jay Andrew

Martha

Ascenath

Mark

Meredith

Bonnie

Rev. Bill

And speaking of helping hands, let us take this year's end opportunity to thank all of you who sent gifts for the work of the mission and to the mission families through all the year. The mail sacks were especially full of such gifts during Dec. and our hearts are especially full of thanksgiving for your interest and prayers. It is an incomparable joy to be in the service of our King. We pray that in 1954 our lives might be more pleasing in His sight.

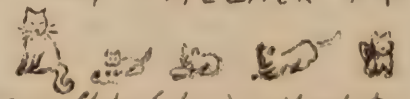
"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."
--Psalm 126:3

Some folks have joked that in moving to Barrow we have "come up in the world" and, although we were "up in the air" the whole month between Thanksgiving and Christmas waiting for the newest member of the family, we really feel like we are "sitting on top of the world" now that he is here!! Between the afternoon Christmas Feast and the Christmas night native festivities, Elder Lucy Aiken and Sunday School teacher Ellen Kanayurak (Eskimo midwives) took time out to come to the manse and assist at the birth of our son,

CLAYTON JAY ANDREW WARTES

His Daddy and his Grandmother Neekhof stood by to welcome the newcomer. He weighed in at 7 lbs. and 12 oz. His very lusty yell assured us that there is nothing wrong with his lung power. He has almost black hair and lots of it. His eyes are very dark and we are guessing that they will be brown. His sisters, Meredith, Ascenath, and Martha, and his brother, Mark, agreed that although he was not all wrapped up in pretty paper and ribbon, he was the very nicest Christmas present we received!

'Happy' and Kaanik* + 4



*snowflake (she is all white)

Matthew 2 10

Vol. 2. no. 4

12-18-53

At The Top For Christ Of The World

OUR CHRISTMAS LETTER

One often hears people speak nostalgically of the Christmases of their childhood, and surely they do hold precious memories for most of us; but we are now realizing that the joyous wonders of this season truly "grow sweeter as the years go by." As our comprehension of God's love grows, as our circle of friends grows, as our family grows, as our field of service grows, so grows our happiness, so grows our experience of abundant living, and so grows our peace and good will--the gifts of God's love. Each Christmas we are increasingly amazed at the unfathomable love God has for us that He would send His Son--the Way, the Truth, and the Life--to be born, to live, and to die for us. We become increasingly aware of how the shepherds must have felt when they saw the light and heard the angel voices; and we too, in heart and spirit, worship in wonder and adoration at the miracle of His birth.

Our prayer for you is that you too will find greater happiness this Christmas and through the coming year because you are giving your best to Him who gave His all for us. This is real Christmas "giving"!

"Give of your best to the Master;
Give Him first place in your heart;
Give Him first place in your service,
Consecrate every part.
Give, and to you shall be given;
God His beloved Son gave;
Gratefully seeking to serve Him,
Give Him the best that you have.
Give of your best to the Master;
Naught else is worthy His love;
He gave Himself for your ransom,
Gave up His glory above:
Laid down His life without murmur,
You from sin's ruin to save;
Give Him your heart's adoration,
Give Him the best that you have."

In Christian love, The Wartes Family

SOUTH FOR THE WINTER

On December first we Burdicks leave Barrow after three years of service. It is the regular furlough, and we shall have four months for vacationing, visiting, speaking, and catching up. If there is any sun, we shall bask in it. However, we are going to Seattle, so perhaps we shall have to content ourselves with gorging on bananas, lettuce, tomatoes, etc. The girls know nothing of the world 'Outside', and though we have explained many things many times, still they will be SURPRISED!!

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MISSIONARILY SPEAKING--
about Samuel Simmonds

We received many fine comments on our Fall Newsletter, all of which made us very happy. But, more than the comments, many of you responded in a wonderful way to the need for assistance in sending Samuel Simmonds to Seminary and caring for his family. For this we are most happy and very grateful.

As I write these words, Eddie Hopson is working, doing his best, to get the Igloo (the living quarters Burdicks had) ready for Hester and the children to move into before Christmas. There is quite a bit to do to make room for five more children than it previously accomodated. We are anxious to get them in Christmas Eve as I have a little Christmas tree (now in the frozen state) to set up and many gifts for the family to put around it. These gifts came from many of you, and of course, I do not even know what most of them are, but I have seen some lovely clothes, toys, and very inviting food. All in all, I know Samuel's family will miss him at Christmas as he will miss them, but it will be much easier on all with the extra nice showering of gifts.

We plan to send a tape recording to Samuel by air mail on Tuesday, December 22nd, which we will prepare Sunday night, the 20th. This tape will include music by the Choir and messages of greeting from many of his friends in Barrow--and, of course, we will get most of his children to send along some word too.

Everything we hear from and about Samuel indicates that he is getting along very well under the circumstances even if he never has stopped perspiring since his arrival there at San Anselmo, California. He has had to get eye glasses because of the constant reading and studying necessary to his completing this brief study tour. On his return in April, he will be examined by Presbytery for commissioning and will be required to continue his study on the field. If everything goes as planned, he will be commissioned for one year and then be further examined prior to longer term commissioning.

Please, keep this man and his family on your prayer list.

Missionarily yours,
Bill Wartes

A SUMMARY OF SERVICE
by the Burdicks

Three years at Barrow have brought many opportunities, experiences, and growths. We cannot measure in terms of people won to Christ, for we are only two of many planters and waterers; but there has been increase for which we rejoice.

We still love the snow! Wind is an enemy, but the snow is useful and pretty. We have used it for water, insulation, ice cream, and even as sweeping compound for dusty floors.

George has been puzzled many times as to what to do next or how, both on the church and otherwise; but we feel that his work leaves the mission buildings in a better state of repair and usefulness, although much remains to be done.

We have made many friends among these laughing, patient brothers in Christ. We have noticed many who resemble relatives and friends in the States, either in face or actions. The children have been especially responsive, although seldom model children. It is hard, in retrospect, to pick out our moments of greatest joy or anxiety. Surely, it was fun to plan and lead the first vacation Bible Schools in Barrow and Meade River. It was a joy to let the folks know of our concern for their growth. Some of your letters, especially from members of our home church, brought friendly encouragement. A few arrived at the wrong time and "we trust you are in good health" found us particularly ill.

We have especially joined with the Wartes's in a concentrated effort to make the Sunday School a better training ground for Christians. Teaching materials and methods have been thoroughly considered, space and time juggled for advantageous use, and every possible means utilized for its best return for God.

The work continues in nearly every phase. The Wartes's will be due on furlough next summer and plan to return in the fall.

After a furlough, we shall continue our mission service with the Presbyterian Brd. of National Missions wherever we feel that the Lord leads us. We think it will be in Alaska but farther to the south--perhaps Angoon. No matter where we go, God will go with us turning any difficulties or hardships into His victory and our joy in proportion to our faith and dependence on Him.

Looking Backward in '53 and Forward to '54

The new Sanctuary was dedicated at Easter but work on it has continued to the present and there is much finishing work yet to be completed. This project should be finished by our furlough time in June.

There were four Communicant Classes held resulting in most of the 69 Confessions of Faith in '53. Two new classes have started this Fall with an enrollment of 34. These classes will end in February and then the pre-Easter classes will commence.

The need for an adequate food supply was desperate this year, and our people turned to God for help. Special prayer services were held prior to and during whaling season and our heavenly Father did not fail--eighteen whale were taken, a record catch!

The Arctic Messenger flew better than 5,310 miles in 1953 and will probably make two more complete circuits of the outfields plus one or two trips to Fairbanks (625 mi. S.S.E.) in the Spring before our trip outside. It is hoped that the plane will then be replaced before our return to Barrow. It is entirely inadequate.

Loraine Burdick held a weekly Jr. Bible Class which will be greatly missed in '54.

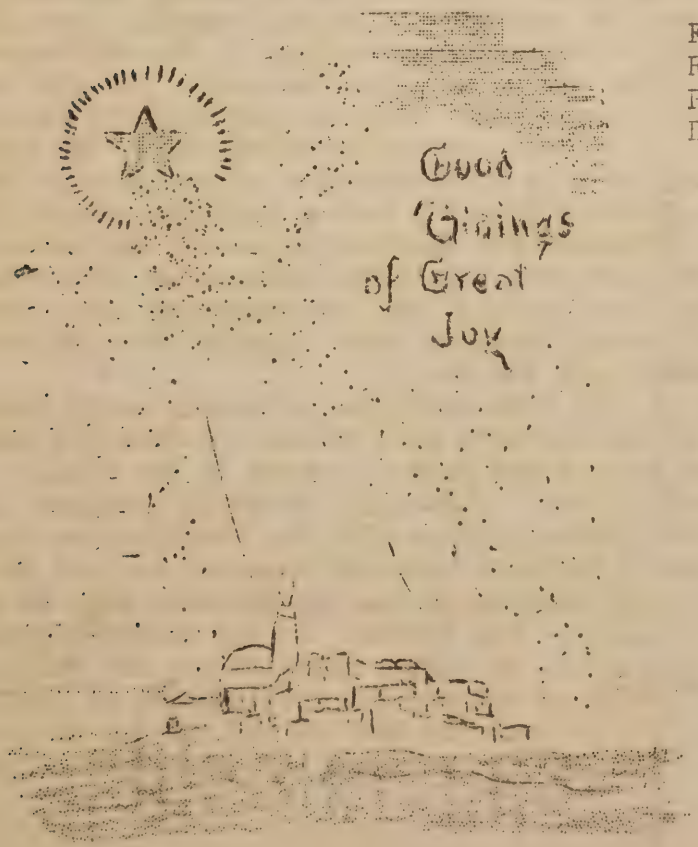
(Continued next column)

The average attendance at Sunday School was 332, at A.M. Worship 245, at P.M. Worship 327, and at Prayer Meeting 147. These will decrease in '54 with the probable decrease in population due to the Navy Base closing. Also sure to decrease are the offerings which were almost $6,000 in '53.

Samuel Simmonds, who went outto study in September, will return in April for Presbytery and Commissioning and will be in full charge here for the six months we are gone.

D.V.B. Schools were held in Barrow and Meade River. It is hpped that Samuel can lead in this effort next year.

A Spiritual Erphasis Week was held in October with thrilling results. The Holy Spirit worked mightily and many lives were rededicated. It was climaxed by the ordaining of four Elders--two local women, one man from Meade River, and one from Barter Island. Some day I will tell you of the terrific ordeal flying these men home at that time of the year. Just to give you a preview: one night Herman Rexford, our newly ordained Elder for Barter Island, and I slept between the skiis of the plane with snow blocks piled around for protection from the storm that had forced us down only 70 miles from our goal.



From
Rev. & Mrs. W. C. Wartes
Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

TO:

Dr. J. Earl Jackman
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Vol.-2, no.1

ALASKA FILE

3-13-53

At The Top Of The World

Missionarily Speaking

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Here, where the winter night is rapidly passing, each day of longer light makes us want to fill every sunlit hour with as much work as possible, and we are easily reminded of the scripture which tells us to work while we have the time, the opportunity, for the day and the hour is coming when all chance for work will be gone. Our work will be recorded, our time spent, our life lived. A missionary asks himself, as any Christian should, what will my life, my effort, my teaching and preaching affect in time? Will God say that the record was good or poor?

In the time that is ours, as it is spent so goes the record. If you could hear a tape recording of God's comment on your life--past and present--would the future be just the same? I doubt it.

You may not normally think this way, but it is helpful to realize that Christ came into time to fill it with Eternity. Put more personally, this means He came to save us from wasting our lives in this world and the world to come.

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(Continued bottom next column)

"Everyone Talks About..."

..The weather--and what a subject of conversation that is up here! The native's very food supply--quantity, quality, and variety--hinges upon the weather. Last winter, with its violent and long-lasting storms and its rapid ups and downs of temperature which drove the caribou herds south and made the ocean ice break open in many places, resulted in fewer caribou and polar bear but many more seal and oogruk. There were no whale taken last spring, but the catch of walrus in the summer was unusually good. This winter the temperatures have been more consistently in the minus twenties and thirties, but there have been no severe storms; in fact, we haven't even had any strong winds. It has really been a mild winter. The ocean ice has remained pretty solid so few seal are caught; but the caribou herds remained in the north so that many very fine caribou have been killed. This was good for the coastal and tundra Eskimos, but the folks in Anaktuvak Pass have gone hungry for many months because they depend upon the caribou migrating through their pass, at which time they get their year's food supply. This year so few caribou went through there that they are having a difficult time making out.

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Our audio-visual aids fund is "in the red" again. We are trying by every logical means to jump the language barrier to the older people and to attract the interest of the young folks. Many fine audio and/or visual aids are available to help gain these goals; the equipment and materials are expensive, but worth it. We have short range broadcasting equipment to put devotional and good musical programs into the homes. This is a greatly needed part of the work here. It is still in the experimental stage and needs improvement, but all who can get it are very grateful. In connection with this, recordings are a real asset. Good sacred and classical recordings of any speed (order of preference: 33 1/3, 45, 78 rpm) are much appreciated. Do you have such recordings you are tired of and would be happy to send to us; or would you like to help support this project by buying new sacred and classical recordings? Children's records are most acceptable too!

Seattle readers, take note! The church needs a piano. The one in the manse has been moved back and forth, but you can imagine how hard that is on the movers and the piano. More than ever, we will need a piano after the organ is moved to the new sanctuary. Surely, someone on the West coast has a piano they are using only to hold up pictures and which they would be glad to donate. This would have to be offered very soon as space for it will have to be reserved on the North Star. The board will pay the freight on it, but we figure that some individual, society, or church would be happy to sponsor that too. Would your group like to be responsible for scouting out a piano and paying for its shipping charges? A spinet or small upright would cost less to send.

****

Sidelights on Arctic Life

Some of our amusing or annoying things about life in Barrow may be interesting to you too. For instance: surely you desert dwellers could not have more trouble with low humidity than we do in the winter. Unless we keep a large pan of water boiling onthe stove or a humidifier going, our nasal passages and lips get so dry that they crack and become very sore.

Another winter annoyance which seems to be worse in some houses than in others--the manse is about the worst--is static electricity. Many times a day, someone around here lets out a yelp because they touched something that gave them a shock. Even kissing can be a "shocking" experience. The children have caught on to the trick of rubbing their feet across the rug to build up static electricity and then touching someone, or even asking to kiss one of us. The howl of pained surprise never fails to send them into gales of laughter. The worst is when Bonnie takes hold of a pan on the stove. The shock startles her so, she almost drops the pan.

In working on the new sanctuary, Bill has ever been amazed to see the native men and women working with a thin cotton glove or even no glove at all in far below zero weather. One such cold night he and his work partner were working on the ceiling. The Eskimo was using a hammer and wearing no gloves. Before going down the ladder, he handed the hammer to Bill. Clear through his gloves, the heat of the hammer handle was such that he almost dropped it. Despite the cold of the room, the native's hand had been generating enough heat to make the handle hot! They must have built-in furnaces.

Dear Friends,

Our lives in Barrow continue to be busy and happy. The children are growing so rapidly. We would lose all track of time if it were not for their progress which keeps us aware of the days' passing.

Since we last wrote, Meredith had her tenth birthday. She enjoys her fifth grade work, but is beginning to anticipat summer vacation. I guess she has spring fever a little early--maybe its spring at your house, but the temperatures haven't come up to zero yet here.

Martha LeNore was one year old on Jan. 23rd, and is beginning to assert a little authority around here.

Mark is now in the Alaska Native Service School, second grade, and just loves it. Fred Ipalook is his teacher and Mark says, "I have the best teacher in the whole big school." Fred is a fine native man, our church organist, an Elder--in fact, Clerk of the Session--and for many years a school teacher.

Ascenath, who will be five in June, takes her responsibility as "Mother's helper" very seriously. She would much rather help Daddy, but if Daddy can't use her assistance, she willingly gives it to Mommy. One has to keep her boundless energy channeled or it leads her into mischief. But then, that's like all of us isn't it? God wants to keep our lives in a useful, constructive, Christ-glorifying channel; but all too often we use our energies, our time and talents, for mischief--useless, or even harmful, contrariness to our Father's wise will.

The Arctic Messenger has been under a snow drift all winter as Bill has spent so much time working on the new church. Bill and George dug it out the other day, and it is now on the edge of the lagoon. Bill hopes to make some flights shortly before or after Easter.

Any mother knows what keeps Bonnie busy. Of course, acting as the pastor's secretary, treasurer, and general office girl helps take up "spare" time.

Sincerely, in His service,

Bonnie and Bill
Merrily, Mark, Teena, Martha LeNore
Wartes

Twenty Years Ago in Barrow

The following items are excerpts from the newsletter, entitled, "The Northern Cross," sent out by Dr. and Mrs. Greist in 1933.

Dr. Greist drove down to the Mission in Wainwright on the 12th of June, reaching that village the night of the 13th. Two days were devoted to evangelism. Return was had on the 16th and 17th, four days travel by dogs for two days service. It was borne in upon us as never before that we badly need a resident missionary in that growing community wherein we have a church of some two hundred members. Error, defection, licentiousness--it all calls for the preached Word, for shepherding.

(Coming back to 1953 a minute, note our growth as visualized by Dr. Greist: we now have an ordained native pastor at Wainwright, and when our Barrow pastor goes to Wainwright or the Wainwright pastor comes to Barrow, they fly in an hour.)

Quoting again: The Arctic and "Christian Science" so-called are positively incompatible; one here deals with facts, not fleecy dreams and hair-brained theories, and the missionary must be a hard headed, practical business man. He must combine the versatility of a Jack-of-all Trades with the resourcefulness of a Robinson Crusoe, as one newspaper man put it. He must acquire the habit of praying with one eye open, that he may 'watch', proving alert, lest the one opportunity for realization of the blessing sought escape while he multiplies words on caloused knees. We do a lot of our praying while "keeping everlastingly at it," with hands and feet and brain busy the while. 'Tis necessary. Not within the Arctic is it true that, "All things come to him who waits." "Luck" is a word not within our vocabulary.

(Back to 1953 again: Some things don't change! That excerpt is still appropriate!!)

How do you like this feature? Would you like more excerpts in future letters?

EASTER GREETINGS

As this newsletter will arriva near Easter for many of you, we want to take this opportunity to send you Easter greetings in our Saviour's name. After the dark months of winter, each spring's light seems sowonderful; and by Easter, there is a great deal of sunshine. Maybe its this consciousness of darkness and light that makes us feel that the accompanying verse is very appropriate. It is the first stanza of an Easter poem written by Annie E. Hitt in 1895.

Easter Morn

As the clear, bright sunlight after dawn,
As after Calvary, Easter Morn
Beams forth upon the night,
So after dimness of nature's sight
Upon God's written word,
Shines forth the Holy Spirit's light
Revealing Christ the Lord.

From:
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. C. Wartes
Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

Air Mail

TO:

Dr. J. Earl Jackman
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Vol.-2. no.1 3-13-53

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This has become a regular feature in our letter in answer to many requests. It does our hearts good to receive so many fine letters containing the expression of your desire to help in the telling of the Gospel. If, in reading our letters, you or your group are challenged to meet a need we list, write us (airmail please) and we will be happy to give full particulars. Projects or funds explained last newsletter still stand--pews and students--and we have other suggestions as well.

As we work hard to complete our new church, we realize there are many small, medium, or large items still needed. Here are some examples: The people here had a long-saved choir robe fund to buy material for new robes when the Sanctuary was finished. The choir is even now anticipating the arrival of the material so they can begin sewing. At the same time they ordered enough material to put up draperies in the chancel. All in all, the fund was $25.00 short of covering the cost. Who wants to make up the difference? Pictures for the sanctuary, Communion linen, and offering plates are needed. The church study will need a 6 x 8 rug, a typewriter, a typewriter stand and chair, and a desk lamp. Maybe someone wants to sponsor the lighting fixtures?

Our audio-visual aids fund is "in the red" again. We are trying by every logical means to jump the language barrier to the older people and to attract the interest of the young folks. Many fine audio and/or visual aids are available to help gain these goals; the equipment and materials are expensive, but worth it. We have short range broadcasting equipment to put devotional and good musical programs into the homes. This is a greatly needed part of the work here. It is still in the experimental stage and needs improvement, but all who can get it are very grateful. In connection with this, recordings are a real asset. Good sacred and classical recordings of any speed (order of preference: 33 1/3, 45, 78 rpm) are much appreciated. Do you have such recordings you are tired of and would be happy to send to us; or would you like to help support this project by buying new sacred and classical recordings? Children's records are most acceptable too!

Seattle readers, take note! The church needs a piano. The one in the manse has been moved back and forth, but you can imagine how hard that is on the movers and the piano. More than ever, we will need a piano after the organ is moved to the new sanctuary. Surely, someone on the West coast has a piano they are using only to hold up pictures and which they would be glad to donate. This would have to be offered very soon as space for it will have to be reserved on the North Star. The board will pay the freight on it, but we figure that some individual, society, or church would be happy to sponsor that too. Would your group like to be responsible for scouting out a piano and paying for its shipping charges? A spinet or small upright would cost less to send.

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Sidelights on Arctic Life

Some of our amusing or annoying things about life in Barrow may be interesting to you too. For instance: surely you desert dwellers could not have more trouble with low humidity than we do in the winter. Unless we keep a large pan of water boiling on the stove or a humidifier going, our nasal passages and lips get so dry that they crack and become very sore.

Another winter annoyance which seems to be worse in some houses than in others--the manse is about the worst--is static electricity. Many times a day, someone around here lets out a yelp because they touched something that gave them a shock. Even kissing can be a "shocking" experience. The children have caught on to the trick of rubbing their feet across the rug to build up static electricity and then touching someone, or even asking to kiss one of us. The howl of pained surprise never fails to send them into gales of laughter. The worst is when Bonnie takes hold of a pan on the stove. The shock startles her so, she almost drops the pan.

In working on the new sanctuary, Bill has ever been amazed to see the native men and women working with a thin cotton glove or even no glove at all in far below zero weather. One such cold night he and his work partner were working on the ceiling. The Eskimo was using a hammer and wearing no gloves. Before going down the ladder, he handed the hammer to Bill. Clear through his gloves, the heat of the hammer handle was such that he almost dropped it. Despite the cold of the room, the native's hand had been generating enough heat to make the handle hot! They must have built-in furnaces.

Dear Friends,

Our lives in Barrow continue to be busy and happy. The children are growing so rapidly. We would lose all track of time if it were not for their progress which keeps us aware of the days' passing.

Since we last wrote, Meredith had her tenth birthday. She enjoys her fifth grade work, but is beginning to anticipat summer vacation. I guess she has spring fever a little early--maybe its spring at your house, but the temperatures haven't come up to zero yet here.

Martha LeNore was one year old on Jan. 23rd, and is beginning to assert a little authority around here.

Mark is now in the Alaska Native Service School, second grade, and just loves it. Fred Ipalook is his teacher and Mark says, "I have the best teacher in the whole big school." Fred is a fine native man, our church organist, an Elder--in fact, Clerk of the Session--and for many years a school teacher.

Ascenath, who will be five in June, takes her responsibility as "Mother's helper" very seriously. She would much rather help Daddy, but if Daddy can't use her assistance, she willingly gives it to Mommy. One has to keep her boundless energy channeled or it leads her into mischief. But then, that's like all of us isn't it? God wants to keep our lives in a useful, constructive, Christ-glorifying channel; but all too often we use our energies, our time and talents, for mischief--useless, or even harmful, contrariness to our Father's wise will.

The Arctic Messenger has been under a snow drift all winter as Bill has spent so much time working on the new church. Bill and George dug it out the other day, and it is now on the edge of the lagoon. Bill hopes to make some flights shortly before or after Easter.

Any mother knows what keeps Bonnie busy. Of course, acting as the pastor's secretary, treasurer, and general office girl helps take up "spare" time.

Sincerely, in His service,
Bonnie and Bill
Merrily, Mark, Teena, Martha LeNore
Wartes

Twenty Years Ago in Barrow

The following items are excerpts from the newsletter, entitled, "The Northern Cross," sent out by Dr. and Mrs. Greist in 1933.

Dr. Greist drove down to the Mission in Wainwright on the 12th of June, reaching that village the night of the 13th. Two days were devoted to evangelism. Return was had on the 16th and 17th, four days travel by dogs for two days service. It was borne in upon us as never before that we badly need a resident missionary in that growing community wherein we have a church of some two hundred members. Error, defection, licentiousness--it all calls for the preached Word, for shepherding.

(Coming back to 1953 a minute, note our growth as visualized by Dr. Greist: we now have an ordained native pastor at Wainwright, and when our Barrow pastor goes to Wainwright or the Wainwright pastor comes to Barrow, they fly in an hour.)

Quoting again: The Arctic and "Christian Science" so-called are positively incompatible; one here deals with facts, not fleecy dreams and hair-brained theories, and the missionary must be a hard headed, practical business man. He must combine the versatility of a Jack-of-all Trades with the resourcefulness of a Robinson Crusoe, as one newspaper man put it. He must acquire the habit of praying with one eye open, that he may 'watch', proving alert, lest the one opportunity for realization of the blessing sought escape while he multiplies words on calloused knees. We do a lot of our praying while "keeping everlastingly at it," with hands and feet and brain busy the while. 'Tis necessary. Not within the Arctic is it true that, "All things come to him who waits." "Luck" is a word not within our vocabulary.

(Back to 1953 again: Some things don't change! That excerpt is still appropriate!!)

How do you like this feature? Would you like more excerpts in future letters?

EASTER GREETINGS

As this newsletter will arrive near Easter for many of you, we want to take this opportunity to send you Easter greetings in our Saviour's name. After the dark months of winter, each spring's light seems sowonderful; and by Easter, there is a great deal of sunshine. Maybe its this consciousness of darkness and light that makes us feel that the accompanying verse is very appropriate. It is the first stanza of an Easter poem written by Annie E. Hitt in 1895.

Easter Morn

As the clear, bright sunlight after dawn,
As after Calvary, Easter Morn
Beams forth upon the night,
So after dimness of nature's sight
Upon God's written word,
Shines forth the Holy Spirit's light
Revealing Christ the Lord.

From:
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. C. Wartes
Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

TO:

Miss Frieda Koerner
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Return to Alaska Dept. JAN 17 1956

Vol. 6: no. 1 Jan. 5, 1956

At the Top Proverbs 3:5,6 *

Of the World II Cor. 3:5 *

Missionarily Speaking

Another Christmas and New Year Day have come and gone. What are your reflections on it now as you sit back and take a moment to ponder? We could think of the money spent and economic records broken, or we could think of the common criticism voiced by so many, "What a shame that Christmas is so commercialized."..... But let us rather think in a positive direction for awhile.

As Christmas came closer and the cards came in a flood to the manse at Barrow, my attention was caught time and again by the picture of a home church on this card or on that letter. Many had strikingly beautiful natural views or Bibical scenes, others were simple kodachromes with decorative artistry, but for some reason, my thoughts were captured, not by the traditional cards, but by realy living churches pictured--glorious symbols of what all the other cards sought indirectly to portray--lighted candles, faces uplifted in carols, poetry, family photos, kindly words, generous gifts--life abundant and worth living in Christ.

Perhaps there is much to be discouraged about in man and his modern world. I will be quick to admit that on occasion I succumb to this negative mood, finding myself wading along in a slough of despond, pessimistic about myself and most everybody else; then something gets my attention back where it belongs--on God. Maybe its the church tower pointing toward heaven; maybe it is a letter from some soul at home in the States mentioning faithfulness in prayer that lifts me heavenward like a spire. Then again it may be some dear believer right here in the Barrow Church or at one of our 'out-stations'. Just last night after prayer meeting, one of our Elders called a special meeting of the Session to voice his concern that we were not going ahead in our church as we ought to. He said that he felt something was wrong in that the chrch was not reaching out as it should. He asked the question, "I must be failing, or you, or our pastor, or all of us together. What is the answer? I want to know!" His fellow Elders were startled but it started them thinking.

This type of open and fair criticism is all for good; it is constructive and wholesome. It is the work of the Church to re-examine itself, to re-think its purpose and responsibility in the community--and in the world. If the leadership of the church does not take the initiative in evaluating its effectiveness and face up to its task of bringing the Christ of Christmas into every aspect of life, then the church fails. The failure is in direct proportion to our unwillingness to admit our shortcomings; likewise our success is closely allied to our obedience to the Word of God in Christ.

If we fail to let the church be really Christ's Church, fail to let Him lead us along, fail to let the church really point us to God, fail to yield to the Holy Spirit--then let us be frightened for the future. But, Praise be to God! I cannot help but feel as I

(Con. on page 2, column1)

Zeiger's Trading Post

That ice underfoot looks mighty solid. The weather bureau boys say it is about 60 inches thick now but that doesn't bother Samuel nor Frank Rulland, an Anaktuvuk Pass Eskimo, as they start chopping along the edge of a pressure crack they found. I just stand and watch as I reflect upon their amazing ingenuity and resourcefulness in making easy what appears to be a hard job! Suddenly a large chunk comes sailing along the ice to remind me that I had better start loading the sled if I don't want it to pile up. The activity makes me toast warm with July heat inside my fur parka while outside the temperature is minus 25°. A few hours and a mile later, we have another two week supply of water 'stacked' outside the door.

The way that ice builds up pressure inside until it breaks itself up with large, ragged cracks is more than interesting. Some people's lives are that way. Problems and tension build up until nervous breakdowns tear them apart. Our Christian job is to prevent that. That is why I believe in the living God who cares--who cared enough to send His own Son to take the burdens of men and heal their wounds before the ice cracks.

The Eskimos look forward to the week following Christmas for that means games--all afternoon and half the night. The

(Continued on Page 2, Column 1)

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* Look 'em up

Missionarily Speaking--continued:

start another year, that behind the pictures (sent to us on Christmas cards) of churches throughout the land and the sketch here of the Ootkeavik Church, there is a living, moving, striving, and consecrated body of Christian believers. These are the real Church--not cold stones and wood--but dedicated lives, whether an Eskimo, 73 years old, named Maptigak living in Anaktuvuk Pass, never having seen a church building until an illness sent him to Fairbanks in 1952, or a bed-ridden saint in a hospital crying out in faithful prayer for missions, lives dedicated to the Christ who is till in Christmas.

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Zeiger's Trading Post--continued:

married men compete against the singles (you know where I was then). High kicks, running, arm, leg, and hand wrestling, rope pulls, and dog team races make up the ticket. There are children's games and a dog team race for the women too. One gruelling contest consists of a finger pull whereby the contestants lock third fingers--and p-u-ll! How much depends on such a little member of the body to win. What Paul said,"...the body does not consist of one member but many. If one member suffers, all suffer together; if one member is honored, all rejoice together." --seems to reflect not only these games, but the game of life. This saying is true of Christians.

Clay Kaigelak tells me that the whales we had for Thanksgiving and Christmas Feasting weighed about 16 tons--and you folks bragged about 15 or 21 lb. turkeys!

--Uncle Bill

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NEWSNOTES

The last week of December the mercury tumbled to 52° below zero. Anyone care for a cup of frozen tea? In fact, we had quite a laugh; a traditional Eskimo dance was postponed because it was too cold! A few weeks ago it got so cold that the smoke froze in the stack. It took most of an afternoon to hammer it loose and replace the pipe. (Of course, it may be that snow blowing into the pipe and some of the phenomena of thawing, condensing, and freezing, etc. were what plugged the pipe, but "frozen smoke" makes a better story.)

The sky shows signs of a return of the sun. Think of it; three more weeks and we will see it!

You have heard of Arctic fire? A real one burned down the Alaska Communications System light plant Christmas night. They lost two 50 KW diesel generators, a tractor, weasel, their fire-fighting equipment (which was in the burning building), and other equipment--a total loss of $250,000.

The sign in front of our church sketched on page 1 is a popular photography subject among tourists. The sign is on the shoulder blade and supported by the jaw bones of a giant whale killed many years ago. They have lain around the mission for fifteen or twenty years.

Samuel Speaks

New Year's Greetings from the far, far north to our friends in the south!

Again we, the Simmonds family, wish to thank you all for sending us gifts and Christmas cards. The kids really do enjoy their presents.

Five of my children are busy in school but Arnold is still too young and too rough but will try out next school year. Martha Jane, our youngest, is still staying with her Grandmother until her mother's return from the Sanatorium which we are hopeful will be within two months. Nellie is home again after four months in the hospital in Anchorage. Her arm is nicely healed and we are grateful for the good medical care she received although we missed her while she was gone. Before she was in the hospital she nearly always spoke the Eskimo language except when in school. While at the hospital she learned to use the English language freely and for several weeks after returning home, she pretended to have forgotten how to speak Inupiat. This was very confusing to her littler brother and sisters who still understand very little English. You can see that Nellie is our big tease.

We as a family are fine and well. Concerning my work here at the Mission, I am also doing well and hope to continue on with the work as long as my Lord will give me strength.

Again we extend our Christian love and greetings to you all.

Yours very truly,
Samuel Simmonds & family

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The Holidays

Part of the reason for delaying our Christmas greetings this year was to give you a full report of our holiday activities. We will go back to Thanksgiving and tell you of the traditional celebration--Barrow style. We always have a Worship Service at eleven o'clock on Thanksgiving morning. What better place is there to spend Thanksgiving than in the church? That is where many of our people are almost all day Thanksgiving and Christmas. Over 300 were in attendance at the morning service. The adult choir sang a lovely anthem, Bill Zeiger read the Scripture, Samuel Simmonds led in prayer, and Bill Wartes brought the message.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, folks began gathering in the church for the Feast. All who could brought food to be distributed equally. Two Elders were in charge of the plans; they chose servers who worked in couples. It took about fifteen couples to serve the approximately 800 people who came. The food is served in courses in the following order: raw, frozen fish (quak), muktuk (whale skin and blubber, raw and cold, not frozen), frozen whale meat, caribou and rice soup and/or rice and raison boiled pudding, tea and pilot bread, and fruit. Each family brings its own dishes, sugar, canned milk, and carton to take left over food home in. The Presbykids Choir (9, 10, 11 year olds) opened the two o'clock festivities with a Thanksgiving Carol and

(Continued on Page 3, Column 1)

Holidays--continued:

prayer. After nearly three hours of feasting and visiting, the Polar (Cross) Bearers Choir led in a Singspiration.

Excitement always gains momentum as the days quiddy pass between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Each class at school prepares an act to present at the Christmas program--songs, speaches, poems, playlets--whatever it is or however well presented, parents think it is wonderful! This year the school Christmas program was given at the Community Hall on the 22nd. Friday night the 23rd, the men from the Camp came in to give a party for the villagers. A group of Cartoons in 16 MM color was shown. They had a "Santa" who gave every child a sack of fruit, candy, and gum, an ice cream bar, and a pair of gloves. We understand the fellows spent over $500.00 to so generously treat the youngsters. Of course, we oldsters enjoyed the fun too.

On Christmas eve, the Church had its program. The Geneva Fellowship sponsored a lovely Shadow Pageant of the Christmas Story. Members of the Geneva Fellowship and Polar Bearers were the acotrs in the Shadow scenes, Thomas Simmonds read the story from Luke 2 and Matthew 2, and the Adult, Polar Bearer, and Presbykids Choirs sang the lovely carols portraying the birth of our Lord in song. The Church had been beautifully decorated by the Westminster Fellowship and during the Pageant only candles lit the auditorium. The program was only half an hour long, but was a most impressive worship service. I believe around 500 attended that night.

At eleven o'clock Christmas-Sunday morning, the regular service was conducted.

At two in the afternoon, the Christmas Feast began. The order of the Feast and the way it is conducted is like the one I described above except that following the eating on Christmas there is the gift distribution. With very few exceptions, gifts are not exchanged at home but are brought to the feast. Shortly before five we had finished eating and fifteen or twenty young men, acting as "Santa's helpers", began to distribute the gifts. A "gift corral" measuring 16 feet by 8 feet had been built to receive the gifts. This was overflowing and the stack was a good seven feet high. It took the fellows almost three hours to get them all given out. Two of the deaconesses and I had carefully determined who in the village would not be getting gifts at the feast, and wrapped and tagged gifts for them out of the generous supply many of you sent. During the feast, gift giving, and later in the evening when several of the folks gathered in the Manse to sing, a tape recording was made, including personal greetings to be sent to our other villages and to our hospital patients.

As described in Bill's "Zeiger's Trading Post", the nights between Christmas and New Year are filled with games and Eskimo dances. The days (for those who do not have daytime jobs) are filled with sleeping and visiting. As the two Bills, Samuel, and Bonnie called in the homes distributing our Christian Life Calendar greetings, we'd either find the folks asleep or entertaining guests.

(Continued next column)

I should tell you that the young folks do go carolling on Christmas Eve....Well, it's not exactly Christmas Eve. In fact, despite all announcements and encouragements to the contrary, they insist upon carolling from midnight until three or four o'clock Christmas morning. When they get too terribly cold they go into someone's house, sing, get warm, and are sometimes rewarded with tea and cookies. How would you like to join us carolling--this year it was 25° below zero and there was a near-blizzard blowing.

We know that as the years go by, many changes are bound to come. As ever, some are for the good, but many are not. As the old year closed, evidence of this was again obvious. For many years, the climax of the church year was in the Watchnight Service; everyone able to get about came to see the old year out and the new year in. I remember the first such service we had after we moved here (1951)--over 700 were in attendance, and it has been that way each year since. So it was a disappointment this year when the community games continued on through Saturday night and only a fifth of the expected number bothered to come to the church. (I guess it will take a good many days before we can drink all the coffee and punch left.) We really had a wonderful time praising the Lord together though and possibly the spirit of worship was even more precious because those present were the ones who put their love for the Lord before so-called "fun" and "gaiety". The men's quartet (Mark Hseak, Samuel Simmonds, Eddie Hopson, and John Peter) closed the old year by singing "I Want My Life to Tell for Jesus", and everyone opened the first moments of 1956 singing "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow."

Regular Sunday services were held on New Year's Day. At the evening service, five young men and one old man joined the church. Isn't that a wonderful way to start the New Year? Then Communion was served, after which Merrily and Bill Z. played "Have Thine Own Way, Lord" on the clarinets during the closing prayer. The congregation went out singing "Lead On, O King Eternal" and we do pray that our Eskimo Christians will trust the Lord to lead them all through 1956. This is our prayer for you too.

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Bonnie's Buzzing

Now if I could correspond with you in the "modern manner"--the way our Eskimos do with their friends and relatives--I would be sending you a tape recording instead of this letter. Wainwright, Barrow, Barter Island, Noatak, Aklavik in Canada, etc. have tape recorders now and it has become the custom to pass tapes from one village to another until they have gone the rounds. Before Christmas we received a tape from Wainwright recorded at their Thanksgiving Feast. It was the next best thing to being there and our people were thrilled to hear the voices of their loved ones. That tape will be sent on to Barter Island. At Christmas we recorded a long tape which will be

(Continued on Page 4)

Bonnie's Buzzing--continued:

re-recorded so that it can be sent on to the other villages and to the hospitals and schools where we have patients and students. Occasionally we receive tapes from Tacoma, Washington where the patients at the Cushman Hospital speak to their relatives here in Barrow. The relatives answer and we return the tape to Rev. Johnson who plays it for the patients. The main message of these tapes are words of Christian admonition and spiritual encouragement, beautiful testimonies of God's faithfulness and pleas that dear ones remain steadfast in the Faith. Sometimes a dear soul, maybe with the quavering voice of old age, will just burst into singing some precious old hymn in the Inupiat or in English until it brings tears of joy to one's eyes.

I know many of you are wondering "wha' hoppen?" when Bill hit the headlines again recently. Really, it's the same old story--the weather closed in on him and he sought refuge at Keesik's place on the Colville Delta. Before he landed and immediately after, he tried to make radio contact but no one answered him. Later the radio equipment was too cold to work. I was provoked when he said that he didn't heat the plane cabin (it is an expensive and difficult proposition to heat the plane) to try any more because he was convinced no one would be concerned knowing how terrible the weather was. There were several things he did not take into account. One was that I couldn't convince the villagers that though I had not heard definitely, I could be reasonably sure he was safe. They wanted to know. Secondly, the treachery of rumor--we heard all kinds of wild tales from false radio messages supposedly heard to "some plane heard way off course." Third, we did not know the weather was still bad where he was after the fourth day. We had heard that it was good but still no sign of Bettes anywhere. Next time he says he will take nothing for granted and will keep calling until someone hears him. This contending with weather up here keeps us guessing all the time, and can be quite frustrating at times. Even while compiling this letter one of Wien's Cessna 180's was washed out while trying to land in a cross wind here. In Alaska we say the we fly P.W., W.P.---that is, pilot willing, weather permitting.

With all the exciting or unusual things described in this newsletter, I ought to assure you that we are constantly doing such mundane things as washing dishes, sweeping floors, dusting, and cooking. Which makes me think of a conversation I overheard after dinner the other night. Bill dear, Bill Z., and Mark were discussing the pros and cons of men doing dishes. (The men were trying to encourage Mark who was faced with the prospect of doing his regular after dinner chore.) My Bill said, "I don't min' washing dishes once in awhile, especially when my hands get grimey--a good dish washing job cleans them up." Bill Z. replied, "Oh, I don't min' doing dishes either if I don't have something else to do." Mark spoke up, "Yeah, but that's just my trouble; I always have something else to do."

Arctic Messenger II Gets A Workout

As a rule I do not fly the Messenger II after the sun has set for the winter, but this year, early in December, I made a trip into Anaktuvuk Pass enroute to Fairbanks. Because of the shortness of the twilight hours, I was able to make it from Barrow to the Pass and no further before darkness set in, a distance of 300 miles. I made two stops in the Pass and held a service at Summit village. After the rather long service with Homer Nekiana, our Eskimo Sunday School teacher (also the Post Master) doing the interpreting & leading the singing (I played an accordian), I had a nice visit with him about the situation there. About 10:45 P.M. I unrolled my sleeping bag and spent the next eight hours on the floor. The next morning it took me over three hours of heating and other labors to get the plane ready to go. The weather was not too good and sitting there in the Brooks mountains, I could not get any radio contact. The wind was rather strong and the temperature was -26°. It was all we could do to get the engine to run after heating it with two Colman camp stoves, using a canvas engine cover and two sleeping bags to catch and hold the heat. We had also rigged up a wind break with a tent and tent poles. Finally, after more than half my twilight was gone, I managed to get into the air. I climbed up to try the radio, but it was still too cold to work well. (In time it warms up nicely in the cabin because of manifold heaters.) The atmosphere was full of thin layers of clouds and I was bucking mountain peaks for awhile, but finally after some "sweating", I got into clearer conditions and headed straight for Bettles--my refueling point enroute to Fairbanks.

After refueling, I made a new flight plan to Fairbanks but really doubted that I could make it all the way because of weather closing in, making the short day light even shorter. On this leg of the flight, I kept fifteen minute radio schedules with the Bettles CAA station. After about thirty minutes the weather began to get decidedly worse and I advised Bettles that I would not be able to complete the flight to Fairbanks but would try to make the halfway point--Stevens Village on the Yukon River. Visibility was so poor I encountered difficulty keeping on course but did find the Yukon and Stevens Village so I radioed Bettles I was landing and to close my flight plan. With landing lights glaring, I made two passes low over the river in front of the village checking the depth of the snow and the overflow conditions--that is where water comes up through cracks on top of the river ice, flooding certain places. Many villagers were standing in the snow on the river bank to welcome me although they could not recognize the plane or pilot in the dark. I have made emergency landings there several times, but never in the new plane, so they were surprized to see the flying missionary from the 'far North'--they live close to the Arctic Circle, some 400 miles south of Barrow.

I was happy to find that the new teach-

(Continued on Page 5)

Arctic Messenger II--continued:

ers (Mr. & Mrs. M.M. Summers) at Stevens Village are Christians (Methodist P.K.'s) and eager for the things of the Lord. Theirs is an Episcopalian field and at that time one of their nurses from Fort Yukon was staying with the Summer's. I had a fine visit with all these folks and left with a feeling I would have to find and excuse to land there again.

The wind was blowing hard in the morning and some felt that I would not be able to get into the air, but up I went almost as soon as I touched the trhottle--the problem was holding the plane down on the snow until I had good flying speed so I would not be thrown down hard in the rough air. In the next half hour, I got well shaken up, but managed to file a new flight plan with Fairbanks CAA and landed there on schedule.

While in Fairbanks I spent most of the time in court helping Samuel's lawyer in the lawsuit against Alien Airline's Insurance Co. This was a claim against the airlines for the death of Samuel's wife, Martha, back in 1951. I also had the Messenger thoroughly inspected as I had not been to Fairbanks in seven months and had a few minor alterations and repairs to be made. A good deal of water on the floor of the heated hangar showed just how much snow had blown into various parts of the airplane when I was down in the blizzard on the Colville Delta. If I had not been able to get into a heated building, all that snow would have been carried around in the control surfaces on wings and tail until next summer.

With the trial over, Samuel and I prepared to return North immediately; we had everything ready to go on Thursday, the plane loaded and checked. The weather closed in about an hour before our scheduled departure so we were able to spend the night with the Rev. Bert Bingle and get some much needed rest. The trial had been tiring to say the least, even if the jurisdiction was in Samuel's favor (however the Insurance Co. may appeal).

Incidentally, the main reasons I agreed to go to court with Samuel was that I wanted to get the plane checked and I would be halfway there for a Christmas service at Anaktuvuk Pass anyway, so I combined all three things.

On Friday we got away O.K. but the weather was at an absolute minimum. After some difficulty on a clearance we got away, landing at Bettles an hour and 45 minutes later with improving weather and lowering temperatures to -40°. We gassed up, filed an overnight-delay flight plan to Barrow, and tried to take off. We had lots of trouble then. The low temperature made ski friction excessive and the grease in the tail ski bearing was so stiff the tail ski would bind in first one position, then the other. Samuel would jump out, get it headed in the right direction, and we would start to taxi, only to get headed into a parked airplane, a landing light, or some other obstacle. Finally we both got out, lined the plane up with the runway, and gave it another try. This time we came near running off the runway to the right; just in the nick of time, we got some movement to the left only to run off that way just as we got the tail off the ground and good air control on the rudder. So there we were, taking off outside the boundary lights going down a truck road. All in all, a rather exasperating experience but fortunately, no damage to anything but nerves. Most flying is suspended at -40° or colder, but we could not expect to await warmer weather at Bettles--it might not come until spring--then too, we had announced our intended arrival (by Tundra Topics over KFIR in Fairbanks) for the service and wedding in the Pass. (Note: we will have to remove the grease from that tail ski bearing before putting the plane back into use after the sun returns.)

We reached the Pass, radioed Bettles that we were over the village and intending to land. (From the ground there, radio contact is impossible.) We were met by a group of Eskimos with their dog sled. We unloaded all our gear--ice cream for the wedding (the first ever eaten in the Pass), two sleeping bags, two bed pads, brief case, suit case, etc.--and sledded it to the village.

It was dark and by 2:30 P.M. the heavens were filled with stars. We held the Christmas Worship Service and Communion in Mekiana's sod dwelling. Just as we were starting to serve the bread to Robert Ahgook--he had only moments before made his first profession of Faith and been baptized--'Old Merry' Maptigak stood up and said, "my turn too." I asked Samuel to find out what Maptigak meant by this interruption. Samuel discovered that he felt it was now time for him to be taking his place as a Christian. He wanted Christ as his own Lord. Samuel continued talking with him, asking questions and getting answers. Finally, the white haired, 73 year old Eskimo stumbled and poked with his toe for footing across the crowded floor until he stood in the center of the room before Samuel and me. There I directed more questions to him until he kneeled and was baptized. It was a very good feeling we had as we served Communion to these two new converts and eighteen other believers. There were 43 in this small dwelling.

After this service we announced that the marriage of Robert Ahgook and Molly Mekiana would take place in Jessie Ahgook's dwelling at 8:00 P.M. This turned out to be the fanciest wedding yet held in the Pass, but by our standards an exceedingly simple one. I took time to explain carefully the difference between my office as a minister and as U.S. Marriage Commissioner making out legal papers. The ice cream was a great hit and I had requests for four other weddings that had to be postponed as I had not brought more papers; I will go back in late winter.

The next morning Samuel and I got away in near impossibly low temperatures--no use elaborating though because who wants to be considered a liar? We reached home that afternoon, bone weary from the effort and strain of the flight, but praising God for a safe and successful trip.

--Bill Bartos

With the increased staff--Bill Zeiger as student intern, Samuel Simmonds as native Lay Preacher, it has been possible to expand the work considerably. Although we are a long way from many of our goals, we feel that there is some progress, especially in the youth work. Also for the past two and a half months Bill Z. has been holding Sunday morning services at the Base--this is the old Navy Base located five miles north of the village between here and the Point and which is now the headquarters of Contractor and Air Force personnel working to install and maintain the radar DE..-line.

The Wartes Family, Bill Zeiger, and the Simmonds Family join to express our sincere and heartfelt appreciation for the many cards, letters, and gifts sent to us these past weeks. We feel rich in friendship and love and are very grateful for your prayers--we do need them.

You will be in our thoughts and prayers many times during this New Year and we will be wanting for you and yours the joy and real peace that comes from knowing and serving the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."--Luke 12:31

FROM: Wm. C. Wartes & Family
Samuel S. Simmonds & Family
and Bill Zeiger
Barrow Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

TO:

Barrow (2) Letters to Alaska

Vol. 7 No. 1 Sept. 1957

AT THE TOP of the WORLD

BARROW ALASKA

Missionarily Speaking

It is wonderful to have someone trust you completely. The trust people have when they put their life into the hands of a pilot is really amazing. Very often the pilot may be a person of superior skills and good judgement, but too frequently the passenger does not really know. He places his life in the hands of the pilot and the airplane with a hope and prayer that the pilot can fly and will bring the flight to a safe journey's end. However, with the best of pilots and airplane equipment, there is room for trouble or failure--the faith and trust of the passenger may be ill-founded and futile under certain circumstances. We know that it is impossible for a pilot to guarantee a safe flight, as much as he might like to.

All this has passed through my mind many times, going clear back to the day I first received my nine-man bomber crew and looked into the faces of all those men. I knew they were about to place their lives in my hands, not knowing what kind of a pilot I was nor what the future would bring us on the flights to come. In recent years as I have taken off into the blue under all kinds of conditions--with Eskimo passengers and others, some sick, some in labor and impending motherhood, some tiny babies, some very old folks--there has often been the wish that I could say, "beyond the shadow of a doubt, "We will have no trouble. I am a perfect pilot who never makes mistakes and I can promise you complete safety." Unfortunately, no mere man can boast such a promise. This is a re-occurring truth that annoys this pilot, yet brings to mind a wonderfully encouraging analogy. Before I apply the analogy, let me take you on a flight in the Arctic Messenger. This will make it live and give it more meaning for each of you.

One of the last trips I made on skiis this spring was into Anaktuvuk Pass. The return trip had a rather dramatic ending. I was homeward bound with one of our Anaktuvuk Eskimos as a passenger. This young mother, Molly Ahgook, was returning with me because we suspected she might have T.B. of the leg bone and were anxious that the USPH doctor at Barrow examine her. The flight was smooth and uneventful as we came north. We flew over many caribou and one pack of eight wolves. I hated to ignore these rascals but more important business was at hand than predators. We had less than thirty minutes

* * * * * * * * (Continued on page 2)

Catch Up With Us

This is the longest period of time we have ever let slip by without sending out a newsletter. "Getting out a letter" has been on the list of important things to do time and again since Easter. Each time it has been sidetracked for one reason or another. Some events or incidents of the past months will be written up more fully elsewhere in this newsletter but right now let me give you a quick chronological review.

As you may recall from our last letter, family health problems were helping to disrupt things around here during the last months of 1956. The children, although not very sick, were confined to bed all of November with Infectious Hepatitus and Tonsilitis. About the same time, Bill's back trouble became almost unbearable. He had hurt his back during the previous summer carrying a piano and by November he could scarcely keep "navigating." In December he made a trip to Fairbanks seeking medical help after having done everything our local doctor could suggest. He had received no relief and was becoming increasingly crippled by the end of January so we decided a trip to Seattle was the only solution. All of February he was there getting treatment and was able to return to Barrow the first of March greatly improved.

In April Bill went to Presbytery in Anchorage. There he was elected Bishp Commissioner to the General Assembly in Omaha, Nebraska in May. This was a thrilling and profitable experience for him.

All of April, May, and part of June, I was quite incapacitated by the combination of a "lurching heart" (not a serious condition, just annoying) and the nausea which always haunts me the first 3 or 4 months of a pregnancy.

The latter part of June the Deputation Team arrived--six young people from the States. Merrily came home the same time, having spent a few weeks after school was out visiting relatives in Seattle and attending a Young Life Camp at Malibu, Canada. Our "family" more than doubled all at once. We were immediately into the swing of the summer's activities. The last week of June there was a week of teachers' training for the Daily Vacation Bible School workers. After the week of the Fourth, there was a two-week DVBS for Barrow followed by the same for Barter Island, Anaktuvuk Pass, and Wainwright, giving Bill a pretty busy flying

* * * * * (Continued on Page 3, colum2)

"As therefore you received Christ Jesus the Lord, so live in him, rooted and built up in him and established in the faith, just as you were taught, abounding in thanksgiving." Colossians 2: 6-7 ///====

Missionarily Speaking--continued

to Barrow when it began to snow. I radioed Barrow for their weather and received the reply that it was snowing lightly with a ceiling of 300 feet and visibility five plus miles. All of that sounded fine but mention was also made that some icing could be expected. We were doing fine with conditions where we were about the same as Barrow, only a little higher ceiling. I was holding 500 feet altitude and happy with the prospect of being home soon and delivering Molly safely to the doctor. Then, Wham! It happened! Some change in the atmospheric condition brought an immediate lowering of the ceiling. I lowered the nose of the plane and did a 180° turn, but even flying a reciprocal course for several minutes produced no improvement in visibility, nor could I see enough of the ground to make a safe landing. In addition to being on instruments, we were picking up ice. Having current news on Barrow weather was some encouragement, but weather can change fast. I began to climb for the top of the clouds and sunshine. I also called Barrow to report my need of a flight plan change to instrument conditions and an altitude of 2500 feet. The clouds were over 2000 feet thick so that by the time we had climbed through into the clear, we had enough ice on the plane to drop the speed from 110 mpr. to 85. I had headed again homeward. As a precautionary measure, I requested weather at the two nearest DEW-line sites and was alarmed to learn the stations both east and west of Barrow were zero-zero and closed to aircraft due to weather. By the time we first passed high over Barrow, I estimated our reserve fuel supply could keep us in the air 50 minutes at the most, perhaps as little as 40. By this time, the weather at the radar sites didn't make any difference because we couldn't make either one on the remaining fuel supply. At least Barrow, below us, was still reporting a 300 foot ceiling and five miles visibility.

I will never forget the quivering face of my Eskimo passenger as we climbed up through the clouds. She knew I was talking on the radio and frightfully busy flying the plane, but she just was not sure where we were headed nor of the outcome. Even after we were up in the sunshine and I had a chance to relax a bit while two larger aircraft were cleared to make let-downs through the overcast for landings at Barrow, I could not get a smile out of Molly.

I then found my mind turning to the old problem of a passenger trusting his life to a pilot. How could a human ever warrant such faith?

I had turned the engine exhaust heater to full hot to help heat the windshield from the inside. Molly and I were beaded with perspiration. I wanted to have a clear windshield to start my let-down. After making a number of patterns over Barrow by the use of my radios, I was finally cleared to come down and make a landing approach. The other aircraft had reported some icing in the clouds. I started the let-down with a few words of encouragement to Molly and a prayer to my Lord that the skills of this pilot might be augmented by the presence of His hand on mine.

The Barrow radar site called to give me a position fix on their scope. It was good to know that I was reported to be just where I figured I was. Their equipment was not much good for landing approaches as that is not its purpose, so I was not surprized when, as I went down into the clouds on instruments, they soon reported they had lost me on their screen and that I should continue at my own discretion. I continued on down, watching the ice build up on the windshield again and the altimeter go down. We were in radio contact all the time with a number of people listening, curious to see how we were making out. They all knew it could not go on much longer as the gas supply was getting steadily more critical.

We were finally down to 500 feet; leveling out some, we went on down more slowly to 400 and 300 feet. At 200 feet I was still not in the clear. I proceeded along the coast at this altitude because there are numerous obstacles along the coast 200 feet high and I did not dare go lower. After flying all of seven minutes, past the village, past the old Navy base and airstrip, I had not had one glimpse of the ground. There was nothing to do but climb back on top and try it again.

With a new load of ice the climb back was slow and by the time we were in the sunshine again, I did not want to look at the gas gauges or Molly's face. I knew without looking that I had no more than 10 or 20 minutes fuel left before the engine would cough and quit. By the time I passed over the radio station and had thereby a positive fix as to our position, time was running out. There was barely enough gas to make one more let-down. Rather than risk hitting something by going extra low on the next attempt, I decided to head inland where there are no obstacles higher than the river and lake banks. I went inland four minutes on a heading toward Meade River and started down. The radio conversation broke off and all was quiet as I was busy on instruments. By the time I got to 500 feet, I turned into the wind and kept on going down. No ground showing at 200; on down to 100--no ground yet. I knew it had to be close now so I inched on down little by little, finally breaking out at 50 ft. What a wonderful sight for sore eyes! I had a few more seconds of trouble with snow squalls, losing sight of the ground. Once I glanced over to see how Molly was making out and saw a patch of sod sail by under the right wing--I instantly pulled the nose up a bit and very soon we were clear of all the weather. Barrow was off to our left and I banked the plane for the approach. At the same time I was looking for a clear spot to land for I was not certain we could make it the four or five miles to the coast and home. We did make it to our lagoon all right but before I could taxi to my tie-down spot, the engine stopped. It was the first time I ever pushed an airplane because it was out of gas.

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

Missionarily--continued

Now the analogy is this: I am a missionary largely for one reason--I know a Pilot who can make a positive promise (and He has done so) concerning what He can do. Jesus promises to bring us to His heavenly Father--not just in the future but now. He not only knows the way; He is the Way! No man cometh unto the Father but by Him, and every person who trusts His promise and gives their life into His keeping cannot get lost or make a "crash landing".

I am thankful that although I might not be able to promise much as a pilot, I can promise everything worth having by teaching people to turn their whole lives over to Christ. He will give you what your heart longs for and the keeping of His promises brings joy and abundance above all we could ask or think.

In Christian love,
William C, Wartes

The Deputation Team

Dick Righter and Marianne somers, graduates of the University of California at Berkely, and Sue Daniels, Senior at the same U., all from the Calvin Club of the First Presbyterian Church of Berkely, were the California half of our Deputation Team this year. From the Ambassadors of the University Presbyterian Church of Seattle came Bill Brauer, a graduate of the Univ. of Wash., and from their Calvin Club, Bud Sparling and Carol Helphrey, both students at the University of Washington.

These young people gave their entire summer, financed by the people of their churches, to work in the mission program in whatever capacity they were needed. This included conducting youth groups, teaching in Bible School & SundaySchool, doing household and mission chores, etc. Marianne and Sue conducted the DVBS at Kaktovik on Barter Island, Bill Brauer and Dick led the one at Anaktuvuk Pass, and Dick and Bud spent the entire month of August at Wainwright, holding DVBS and taking charge of Rev. Ahmaogak's church program while he was at the Sitka Conference. The three girls, Bill Brauer, and our Merrily managed things in Barrow during the two weeks we were gone.

We certainly found it hard to let them go at the end of the summer; it was like breaking up the family. They are all in school again now, Dick and Bill are going to Seminary in San Anselmo and Marianne is taking some additional work at the U. in Berkeley.

Catching Up--continued

season getting the workers to and from these various fields.

The last two weeks of August, Isabel and Roy Ahmaogak, Hester and Samuel Simmonds, Bill and I went to Sitka to attend the All Alaska Missionary Conference on the campus of Sheldon Jackson Jr. College. Upon our return to Barrow, the Deputation Team returned to their homes and plans were put into effect for the busy fall program here.

During all these months the regular program of the church went on:--three Worship services on Sunday (10:15 A.M. Inupiat, 11:00 A.M. English, and 7:30 P.M. English and Inupiat), two sessions of Sunday School, Youth Choir, Presbykids, Polar Bearers, Westminster Fellowship, Geneva Fellowship, Prayer Meeting, Adult Choir, Communicants' Classes, Teachers' Saturday Study Period, Boy Scouts, as well as such monthly affairs as the various church officers' meetings. In addition to this local church program, Bill has had his outstation trips to make. All this may help to explain why the newsletter is really late this time.

"The Weather is So Unusual This Year"

I am sure this must rate among the most common remarks on the weather of any area, any season, any year. This last February we had some unusually cold weather when it got down to 58° below zero. We had an unusually early spring thaw and the ocean ice moved out unusually early. And then the rains came!! Talk about unusual!! Surely, Barrow has never had such a rainy summer. It rained--absolutely poured--more days during July and August this year than it has in all our previous six summers here put together. As you may recall from previous descriptions, the water cannot soak in because of the permafrost and the ground is level enough to prevent much from running off, so you can imagine how muddy everything was. I was so glad to see the temperatures falling and the ground freezing by the end of the first week of September. By the fourth week the lagoon had ice skaters on it and we had been cutting our wash water out of the snow banks around the house for a week. The ocean ice pack has not returned but huge ice bergs hove into view and began to wash in on the beach Sept. 26. A little slush ice began to form near the shore about the same time.

Samuel's Letter

Mr. Winter is making his calls as usual this time of year; this time he has struck us with an extra weapon--"the flu" which has been causing most everyone in Barrow to spend a few days in bed.

We all have missed the Deputation Team The young folks who were here with us for the summer contributed a lot for the advancement of His kingdom.

The arrival of the North Star the end of November caused no little stir to the Barrow people. Our year's supply is in and we are again ready, physically, to cope with the 1957-58 below zero, constantly blowing weather. Spiritually, we are not waiting for an annual strengthening supply; but like any Christian community, we are always in danger from the lack of this unseen supply and must be ever personally digging into God's Word to equip ourselves more effectively.

I shall never forget our trip to Sitka to the All Alaska Missionary Conference, and the wonderful messages I received from the speakers, especially those of Dr. Louis Evans. I considered the discussion groups one of the highlights of the whole conference because through them I learned more how to cope with various problems and how I could do more for my Lord. Only two of the ministers in Presbyterian work in Alaska were missing from the conference. The fellowship among the ministers and workers was really thrilling. The trip to and from Sitka was long but very interesting. We flew the 560 miles from Barrow to Fairbanks, drove the 680 miles from Fairbanks to Haines, (the road was dusty but the scenery was beautiful), and travelled by boat from Haines to Sitka, another 150 miles approximately.

Now for some family news: Leona, our oldest daughter is at the Wrangell Institute this year for her eighth grade. The local school is too crowded to accomodate all the students so about a dozen students were sent to Wrangell. Nellie, Doreen, Eli, Margaret, and Arnold are busily at work in school here. Martha Jane is not alone at home this year now that our young man, Erdman, has joined the family. He is only six months old and just a toy for all of us.

In order to get our year's supply of ice for drinking and washing water, we still must complete the overhauling and repairing of the mission tractor. We started it as soon as the parts were unloaded from the North Star. We put in new rollers, idlers, track rails, etc. and are now waiting for a few other little parts to make it run. I hope it will not be long now because we have a big job ahead of us and we do not want to wait until the lake is frozen too thick for ice blocks of a convenient size.

I wish I could talk with you personally instead of writing a letter, but this is the best we can do at this time. May each and everyone of us continue to follow His guidance.

In His service,
Samuel S. Simmonds

Bonnie's Nook--The Family

The other day a friend who has spent the last two summers in Barrow as hostess to Wien Airline tourists dropped in to tell us goodbye before leaving for her home. We were seated around the table just finishing dinner. She soon had us all laughing at her amazement at seeing "just" the Wartes family. She had never seen the seven of us together without others with us. It made us realize that it was the first time since June 9, 1955 that there were no extra 'members' of the family and no one missing either.

Merrily is staying home and taking a correspondence course this year. I did so need her help at home this winter and we just couldn't "scare up" the necessary funds to send her away to school this time anyway. This is working out very well and she is getting good grades on her correspondence school tests. She is taking five second-year high school subjects: Psychology, History, Geography, Algebra, and American Literature. She has also been doing a major portion of the cooking and housekeeping so maybe I could say she is taking Home Economics too. It has been wonderful having her home again.

Mark just had his twelfth birthday and feels quite grown up now that he is a Polar Bearer instead of a Presbykid, although Ascenath (she was nine in June) feels just as 'grown up' because she is now a Presbykid. Merrily is looking forward to being fifteen in February so that she can "graduate" from Polar Bearers to Westminster Fellowship. It's odd that Mother and Daddy don't get the same thrill when they contemplate how close they are to 'outgrowing' Geneva Fellowship. Mark and Ascenath are very please with their teachers and enthusiastic about school as a whole this year.

Martha LeNore who will be six next Jan. and Clayton who will be four on Christmas Day are our two pre-schoolers although they will be joined by another one about Thanksgiving time. Of course, we are hoping for a boy to even things up--as Martha says, "then we will have four boys and four girls" because she counts Daddy as one of the boys and Mother as one of the girls. However, we are agreed that the girls we have are so nice that we would not complain if we get another one.

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Facts and Figures

This column is an attempt to answer some of the most-asked-questions about Barrow and the Arctic mission work.

Barrow village, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, near the northern-most tip of the North American continent, si the largest (native population) Eskimo village in the world. There are now about 1,300 people living in Barrow, 50 of whom are non-natives.

This area, known as Utkeagvik among the Eskimos, and the old village site at the extreme Point have always been major hunting and meeting sites for the Eskimo people. This is a centrally, most conveniently located spot for both land and

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Facts and Figures--continued

sea hunting. Many families still set up camp at the Point during the spring and summer months for duck shooting, but with the Mission, school, hospital, stores, etc. at Utkeaġvik, there is no longer a permanent village out there.

The first missionary sent to the north-slope Eskimos arrived in 1891. The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1898 and was the only church or missionary work in the area until 1954 when the Roman Catholics and the Assemblies of God located chapels at Barrow.

The Utkeaġvik Presbyterian Church in Barrow has 555 communicant members including those who live at Anaktuvuk Pass, Kaktovik on Barter Island, Meade River Coal Mine village, and any in-between fishing or hunting camps. Wainwright, on the coast about ninety miles southwest of Barrow with an approximate population of 250, has a Presbyterian Mission and their pastor is the Rev. Roy Ahmaogak.

The Barrow mission has an airplane, a Cessna 170-B called the Arctic Messenger, for the use of the missionary in reaching the outstations and in performing the many tasks which may fall his way anywhere throughout the Arctic. The main villages (now get out your map) are on Barter Island, population 85; in the Anaktuvuk Pass, population 75; and at the Coal Mine on the Meade River at a point about 70 miles inland from Barrow. At this last village, the population varies, according to season, from about 25 to 50. There are church officers at each of the outstations. The Elders conduct services, Sunday School, and Prayer Meeting each week and the Pastor visits them whenever possible--about six times a year.

The government has maintained a school in Barrow for about 60 years. There are now nine grades--Primary through the eighth--with approximately 350 enrolled. Our Mission included the medical work until 1936 when the hospital was turned over to the Alaska Native Service. In 1956 the USPHS assumed responsibility for the hospital and medical work.

The government also maintains a Weather Bureau, Alaska Communications System, and a Bureau,of Standards at Barrow. There are several local stores owned and operated by natives. Because of the high cost we of the mission staff do very little buying locally. Through the Board of National Missions, we have the privilege of ordering our groceries wholesale from Seattle once a year and they are shipped on the one supply ship each summer. We eat all we can get of the native meats: caribou, moose, seal liver, ptarmigan, and fish--anakaluk, kaktuk, herring, and smelt. Mark killed his first caribou this summer, an exceptionally fine, fat bull, and we feasted most sumptiously upon it for several weeks.

The population of Barrow continues to grow. More families from smaller villages have moved into Barrow than families have moved out to the "big cities". The death rate has fallen rapidly and the birth rate trend continues upward. During the more than six years we have been here, there has been an average of at least one baby born every week--a pretty good average when you distribute them among less than 150 couples of child-bearing age.

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Important Prayer Requests

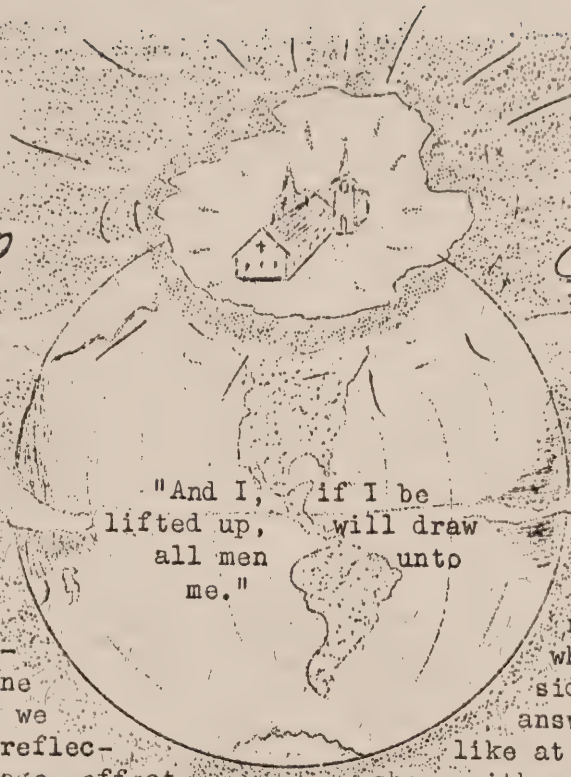
During the third week of October we will be holding the third annual All Alaska Evangelistic Mission. Stateside churches release their pastor to visit an Alaskan church to conduct an eight-day Spiritual Emphasis campaign. This year our guest minister will be the Rev. Greer S. Imbrie of the First Presbyterian Church, Bowling Green, Ohio. Please, pray that the Holy Spirit will work in Barrow in a wonderful way, that sould will be won, and Christians will hold no part of themselves back, but completely yield to God in every area of their lives.

Pray for the officers of our church. A Church Officers Training Class has been started and we pray that this will be a great blessing to all our people as the officers of the church get a clearer, brighter vision of their duties and responsibilities, as well as the joys and privileges, of their offices. The first meeting was a real blessing.

PRAY FOR YOUR MISSIONARIES!! Your prayer support is absolutely essential!!!

JUN 26 1958

BARROW, at the top
ALASKA, of the world
FOR CHRIST
Vol.8.no.1 May 20, '58
time



Missionarily Speaking

Often in the Arctic--and other places in this old world--things are not as they seem. When temperatures vary from one layer of air to another, we all know the result is a reflective surface and a mirage effect. Sometimes up here a point of land that is really 40 or 50 miles away will be seen above the horizon as a near, real scene. Up in a plane such phenomena are easily detected because they move back and forth both horizontally and vertically. As you fly over different layers of air, the mirage may take many new shapes, become distorted, or suddenly disappear, leaving nothing but blue sky or clouds. When you are standing on the ground you may well see a distant geographic land feature prominently and if you did not know better, you would be hard to convince that nothing was really there--that you could even fly right through it with an airplane without the slightest jar. On occasion I have seen great masses of earth in the sky while preparing to make a flight only to have them disappear when I take off, not to be seen again until twenty or thirty minutes later when I finally would fly over the real thing.

The point is this: it is easy to be fooled by appearances. What appears to be real may be only a mirage with no 'solid stuff' to it at all. There is much that is paraded about in this world as Christian, but it lacks the 'solid stuff' of complete faith in and obedience to Christ.

There have been times when I have known someone who seldom, if ever, came to church, did not support the church in any way and admitted non-membership in any church, state a terrible misconception. Let me quote from one such instance

(Continued on Page 2)

Why? When? Where?

Many of you have written asking what we are planning for the future and when we are coming 'Stateside' again. We cannot answer as fully as we would like at the point but want to share with you our thoughts and tentative plans anyway.

Our second term was up the end of last November but it seemed ill-advised to leave at that time for several reasons. The last two months and the first two months of the church year and would be the most difficult time to make a switch of leadership. Also we did not like to break into the children's school year. So the Church and the Board granted our request to have our term extended about seven months.

At this writing we still do not have a definite word of a new appointee to this field, but we are planning to depart early in July. We like to think a couple could arrive before our departure so that some familiarity with the field--its people, program, places, and plane--could be acquired. We are sure the future work here would be enhanced by this and that the many little helps we could share with the new missionaries would prove a blessing, a saving in time, and perhaps avert some of the mistakes we are all prone to make.

It is my hope to accept an assistancy in the Pacific Northwest but we open to the leading of the Holy Spirit and are waiting for God's call; thus we cannot predict what we will be doing or where. We hope to have something settled in time to get the children into school in September.

By the way, schooling is a major problem here now and bears considerable weight in our not requesting a re-appointment. The local school is so overcrowded this next

(Continued on Page 2)

issionarily Speaking continued--

which sticks vividly in my mind, "My parents have tried many times to interest me in the church and get me to attend, but I have always been busy and had my own life to live; but I don't like to be told that I'm not a Christian." I recall another similar conversation when in addition the familiar question was asked, "What do you think I am...a heathen?" Of course, if we are honest, the answer will have to be "yes"! Being born to Christian parents or in a so-called Christian nation just does not make anyone a Christian nor does it give one th e right to parade about with the mistaken notion that Christianity is an etherial thing, hard to define or pin down, for this is not true. It is my conviction that the essentials of the Christian Faith are the most real things man can know. The New Testament is filled with the 'know so'--the solid reality--of Christianity.

Let me say candidly, there may be many things that test a person's powers of observation and his ability to discern what is real--from fool's gold to desert mirages that can never quench the thirst nor fill an eye-dropper with water--but it should never be so hard to determine the truth about who or what is Christian. However, possibly due to a lack of real Bible knowledge, many people do not know what the 'real stuff' of the "faith once delivered unto the saints" is. Sad to say, often people passing themselves off as Christians give such a distorted picture of the Faith that the casual observer is at a loss to know what a Christian is. Too many claim to have the real thing, but have only a mirage.

I believe a real Christian is one who is willing to lose himself in Christ. The Lord has clearly revealed that if you will give yourself, your life to Him, you will save it; if you keep it for yourself, all is lost. (Read Matthew 10:38, 39) So, a person who says to me, "I have my own life to live" has not learned a basic tenet of the Christian faith. It seems hard to believe that anyone who does not try to follow Christ, living daily by His teaching, is a real Christian. There are many imitations--many who do not have the 'real stuff'--you see them consistently giving in to temptation of all kinds, manifesting no real love for anyone but self, no concern for the unevangelized, little desire to work for the Lord or His church. Let us not kid ourselves into thinking such are truly converted. This is not the real thing--it is not solid! "He that is not with me is against me! and he that gathereth not with me scattereth." Can these words of our Lord as recorded in Luke 11:23 be any more 'solid'?

Recently, we had a lady in the hospital who died of advanced and horrible cancer. To the last, her faith was triumphant--a singing, praising, hope-filled faith. She did not complain about her own pain; she apologized to and expressed sympathy for those who cared for her because she knew that her decaying flesh made a most unpleasant odor. She was such a faithful witness to those around her that her testimony rang as a clear bell from heaven. One nurse told me that she shook with remorse over her own spiritual failing after being in the presence of this dying--but so very much alive--Christian.

In the long run, how we live and how we die can well show how much 'real stuff' there is in us. Can you say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ; to die is gain"? That's reality! That's solid! As solid as the rock upon which the wise man built his house!

Bill Wartes

(Con. from p.1)**********

year all the seventh and eighth graders will have to go to Wrangell. Already the Hi-Schoolers have to go to Sitka or Mt. Edgecumbe. Before another term would be over, we would have three children over 1500 miles from home nine months of the year. It was bad enough last year with only Meredith out and there is no knowing how long it will be before the proposed expansion local school facilities will be fact not fancy.

Of course, we realize too that it is often a good thing to have new leadership with its fresh viewpoint. We love the Arctic and its people and, in many ways, we hate to leave, but after praying earnestly for God's will, we felt no strong compulsion to stay. Surely the Lord has someone else for Barrow and somewhere else for us. Will you, please, pray with us for the future of the Arctic work and for us as we seek His will.

We will be visiting and attending family reunions during July and August.

Merrily We Roll Along

I have never taken the opportunity given me to add a bit to previous newsletters but thought I'd make a try at it this time and tell a little of what I've been doing this past year.

As you probably remember, instead of leaving home to attend a boarding school as I did last year, this year I have been a student at home, taking my Sophomore year from the American School of Correspondence in Chicago. I have done fairly well and have enjoyed it although, if it had not been for my Mohter who takes Algebra like a crossword puzzle, I never would have made it through that subject. Of my five subjects, I am rapidly working on the last which is History. I guess I take after Dad. He always liked History and majored in it at the University and I enjoy it too.

Since turning fifteen in February, I've really had a great time in Westminster Fellowship. Coming from Polar Bearers (a wild, noisy bunch of rascals--I can say that now that I'm out), it was really neat to get in with the kids with whom I went to Grammer school and who have been my best chums. During the school months, when quite a few young people are away to high school in southeastern Alaska, Westminster Fellowship is made up of kids who are not going to school, most of whom have graduated from the 8th grade but not gone on to High School. There are about 30 who come regularly; about 4/5ths are boys. The boys are so crazy about basket ball and not very enthusiastic about playing anything else so that it sort of discourages some of the girls from coming to recreation (I like basketball too so I suppose that's one reason I've had so much fun since coming into this group.) I guess our WF isn't like most of yours; we mostly meet for recreation and close with singing and a devotional. Samuel Simmonds is our advisor. Westminster Fellowship has been priviledged to work on a large mural being painted on the back wall of our sanctuary. After we prepared the wall for the painting, my Daddy and Samuel Simmonds did the sketching and we Westminster Fellowshippers have been painting it. The upper center of the picture is of Christ with outstretched arms over the world and people from all nations are coming to Him. It is being called the "World Missions Mural" and will be dedicated to the many missionaries who have served this field. We are really looking forward to the completion of this project.

Here in the house I usually find myself in the kitchen fixing a meal, making bread, doing dishes, washing clothes, or something. Mom is usually at the typewriter doing correspondence, reports, church records, and such things that are never caught up. Then, too, I am often beating at the piano, my almost favorite hobby. I play for Sunday School, Prayer Meeting, youth groups, etc. Of course, Pepper takes up a lot of my time. Mother kids about the main reason she nurses him is so that he will know which one of us is his mother. Whenever I go out, I stick him on my back under my parka and he goes right to sleep. He was 18 days old the first time I packed him like that and now it's a rare day he doesn't go some place with me. He certainly doesn't lack for attention in this family.

We are really going to miss Barrow. We won't be gone long when we will be longing for caribou steaks, seal liver, and the cool climate. I love it here and have often thought recently of what a problem I'd be to my family if I were not a Christian and seeking the Lord's will. I would probably do nothing but complain about leaving. Just a few days ago, I had Mom help me look up some verses concerning the "Will of God." One we found and I'd like to share with you is found in Mark 3:35. "For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother." We must seek His will!

--Merrily Wartes

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You can well imagine some of the comical misconceptions our children have about the origin of the foods they eat. When almost everything comes from a can or a box, they cannot conceive of it ever being in any other state. Recently, a friend brought us some fresh cabbage and lettuce and the youngsters got into an argument--the younger ones contending that cabbage and lettuce are the same or at least of the same family and the older ones insisting they were in no way alike. Clayton listened patiently for awhile, then in a tone of voice intended to settle everything once and for all, he said, "Well, I know one thing for sure, they both grow on the same tree!"

Here is a small portion of the Men's Sunday School Class which meets at 2 P.M. each Sunday. They gather first in the Sanctuary with all those who come First Session, then come into the Manse. Their teacher is Elder Abe Simmonds (Samuel's father). They like their class so much that often they are still studying when Second Session classes come in the Manse.

Sunday School attendance runs around 350. Little children eight years old and younger come First Session with parents and grandparents. At three o'clock Second Session starts, at which time the Juniors, Jr. Highs, Sr. Highs, and Single Adults come. Classes meet in the Sanctuary, the gym (Marsh-Spence Hall), the Study, up in the Prayer Room, the Igloo (in Simmonds' front room and upstairs in the warehouse) and in the Manse.

Below is a picture of the Arctic Messenger III with Missionary-Pastor-Pilot Wartes standing beside it. Because of the color of the paint, the words, Arctic Messenger, do not show up well in this picture but you can see the III anyway. And you can see the identification numbers N3478D. When someone tries to reach the Arctic Messenger by radio, they call "78 Delta" and when we are expecting Pilot Daddy home from a trip, everyone tunes his ears to the radio (channel 56.11) waiting to hear a deep voice say, "Wien Pt. Barrow, 78 Delta; I am ten minutes out. Is there any traffic in the area?" Then the Wien radio operator answers, "78 Delta, Wien Pt. Barrow, Negative on traffic, altimeter reading is 29.7, wind east at ten."
"Wien Pt. Barrow, 78 Delta, Thankyou. I'll give you a call when I'm on the deck."
"78 Delta, Wien Pt. Barrow, Roger."
Then pandemonium breaks loose at the manse as lusty lungs lend power to the shout, "Daddy is coming! Daddy is coming! I'm going to help him tie up."

It is almost Vacation Church School time again, so here are some pictures of ours last year. The pictures did not mimeo very good, but maybe you can see the happy expressions anyway. It sort of looks as if the boys and girls concentrate harder on the refreshments than on the lessons, doesn't it?

We usually have over 300 boys and girls attending DVBS--I say boys and girls, but that figure includes a women's class of ten to fifteen members. It takes about 30 teachers and helpers and we always wish we had more.

Of course, it is thanks to many of you that we have enough crayons, scissors, paper, pencils, paste, etc. for the crafts and various items suitable for prizes at the end of Bible School.

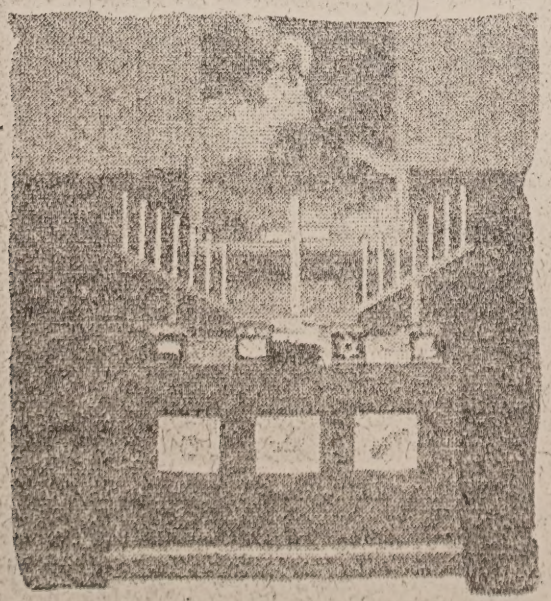
Mark and Ascenath are in front of our church sign. On either side are the six young people who came from the States last summer to help with the work of the mission especially the DVBS at Barrow, Kaktovik, Anaktuvuk Pass, and Wainwright.

The sign is painted on the shoulder blade of a large whale and hangs from two jaw bones. Mark has his foot on a whale's skull and arranged around are vertebrae. I think this is one of the most frequently photographed spots in the Arctic. Every tourist or visitor wants a picture of our church sign.

To the right is our Geneva Fellowship plaque. It is the 21-40 age group (or younger if married). We meet every other Monday night for recreation, refreshments, and a devotional hour. Once a month or so, after the service, we have a Sunday evening Roll Call--we answer with a Scripture verse--and a Singspiration. The plaque says, "MY HEART I GIVE THEE, LORD, EAGERLY AND SINCERELY" and notes that Romans 12 is our theme chapter and Psalm 37:5 is our theme verse.

Geneva Fellowship has sponsored several projects in the church. They go regularly out on Sunday afternoon into the homes of shut-ins to sing and read the Bible for them. Below is a picture of our altar with the Christmas parament on it. This was made by the women of GF out of green corduroy and trimmed with rickrack and bias tape the way they can do so beautifully. I wish you could see it better. It is very lovely. Even more striking is the gorgeous parament they made from black and white calf fur to match the offering baskets you can see on top altar. It pictures many of the best known symbols of our Christian faith, especially featuring the circle and triangle. I could not begin to describe it adequately.

This Easter GF put on a drama with the help of the Choir. The first scene depicted a modern situation. A non-Christian is faced with the possible loss of her husband in an airplane accident. She is taken to a Christian Family. In comforting her, they begin to read the Easter story. The second scene was the Easter pageant with the choir singing. The last scene is back with the Christian family, but now their neighbor comes to visit with the good news that she is happy in the knowledge of her salvation and with the good news that her husband had been found alive and had also given his heart to the risen Lord.



Below is a picture of Elder Ernest Kignak. He is active in our newly organized "49ers" Fellowship--a group of men and women within ten years (either way) of 49 who are seeking the real gold of life.

Signs of Growth

The Arctic Messenger III has had a very busy spring again this year. There were some searches for lost hunters early this year--all were safely located. After Easter there was Presbytery. Samuel, Roy, and I flew as far as Fairbanks in the Messenger. Enroute back we stopped in the Pass and held three services and a business meeting there. Some of you will remember that no missionary had ever gone to the village in Anaktuvuk Pass until I landed there in the spring of 1952. The hunger of these people for the gospel has continued to grow, but there has not been near enough time to spend with them. A meeting place has been a problem too as we had to meet in Mekiana's dwelling, the largest one there. At that, the whole thing is as large as our living room and he has one corner partitioned off for a Post Office. With beds and stove taking up room, there isn't much left for the people of the village to gather. It has been my dream and prayer for some time that a chapel might be built there. Finally, plans began to crystallize as the people saw the need and this spring pledged themselves to do the work. I designed a simple log chapel, the men went down the south side of the mountain about 40 miles to the timber line, cut the logs, and hauled them back to the Pass by dog team. It is a hard job but is about finished now. I took Samuel to the Pass last week to help them start building and to conduct a series if special services in Inupiat. We even took a power plant so we could show film strips, etc. This has been greatly needed as we haven't been able to do any concentrated Christian education up there other than the two Vacation Bible Schools. Despite our inadequate efforts, God has blessed the work and the people are showing spiritual growth.

The Utkeagvik Presbyterian Church of Barrow, Alaska (this includes the three out-stations) has 625 Communicant members. On a recent trip to Kaktovik, I received fourteen new members and baptized eight children. Each out-station has two ruling Elders and Barrow has fifteen. Our Elder from Kaktovik (Barter Island), Herman Rexford, is the Elder Delegate to General Assembly from Yukon Presbytery this year. I am sure this will be a "mountain top" experience for Herman as it was for me last year.

Tidbits

During a recent trip to Anaktuvuk Pass, I was doing a good deal of flying between the Pass and the tree-cutting camps co-ordinating the work and hauling supplies. On one such trip I took the work foreman, Jack Ahgook, from a camp to the Pass and back. On the way back he asked to drop a note to a man camped in an area where I could not land. He carefully wrote the message, rolled it up, tied it with a long cloth to make it easy to spot, and prepared to toss it out. First I circled cautiously down into the little clearing to attract the man's attention and he came running out of his tent. I warned Jack to get ready to throw his missile and again made a run into the clearing. With flaps down I made it as slow as I could and at a signal from me, Jack tossed the note. Just after he let go of it, I realized the man below had gone back inside and did not see the drop. I was quite distressed at this and asked what we were to do now, However, Jack just shrugged his shoulders and told me not to worry about it since "that man can't read anyway."

As I roared with laughter, Jack hastened to explain that he had hoped someone else would be down there to read it to him.

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So far this year, the whaling has not been successful. It is a big disappointment to everyone. I think some of the crews have not given up trying yet but they have had to come in for the time being because the lead has closed up. Apparently the whales have been going by far out in a lead beyond the moving ice.

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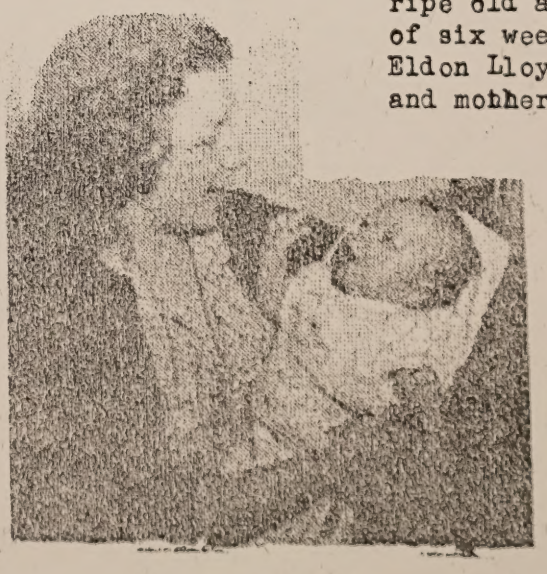
This is our youngest "Preacher" making a point at the ripe old age of six weeks. Eldon Lloyd and mother.



IMPORTANT NOTICE: If you want to be on the mailing list of the Mission here, please write in the immediate future to

Missionary In Charge
Presbyterian Mission
Barrow, Alaska

Our summer mailing address will be
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BARROW, ALASKA

Arrived

AIR MAIL 6¢ POSTAGE
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BARROW ALASKA

To:

Dr. J. Earl Jackman
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Eldon Lloyd Ahmaogak Tykoo Wartes, born December 3rd, is not exactly able to paddle his own kayak yet but certainly he is well on his way. Already he is an eighteen pound armful of joy. Fair of complexion, he turns red at the least bit of exertion, hence his nickname, "Pepper"—poor child, it will be a wonder if he ever learns his name because he is called by each of his other names too. He is named for two uncles and the Rev. Roy Ahmaogak of Wainwright. The Tykoo is an old-time Eskimo adaptation of English "Thankyou".